No. 313 (New Series), Vol. 7. March 19, 1938

The PASSING SHOW

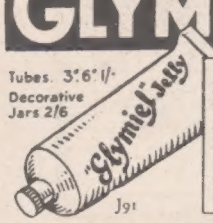
ENLARGED SPRING NUMBER

2d

A LETTER INSPIRED BY LOVELY HANDS

See that your hands have the power to attract by their whiteness, their satin smoothness. Glymiel Jelly, non-sticky, non-greasy, lovely to use, smooths out every little chap and crack and whitens the skin. Made by a secret process impossible to copy, Glymiel Jelly sinks in immediately, feeding the underlying tissues, quickly transforming hands to loveliness. Try a tube of Glymiel Jelly, the original, unsurpassed hand preparation, to-day. You will realise why it has nearly a century of recommendation behind it.

GLYMIEL JELLY

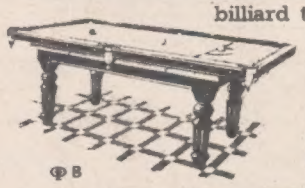


Tubes 3d. 6d. 1/-
Decorative Jars 2/6

Just as Glymiel Jelly beautifies your hands, GLYMIEL VANISHING CREAM gives charm and beauty to your complexion. Tube 6d.; Jar 1/6. Also have you tried GLYMIEL Cleansing COLD CREAM? Tube 6d.; Jar 1/6

J91

KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME!

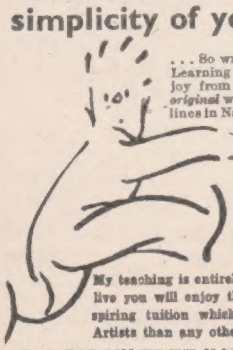


8/- DOWN brings a Riley "Home" Billiard Table—a real billiard table, not a toy — that ensures endless pleasure for all the family. Pay balance monthly. 7 days' Free Trial. Write for Art List showing all models of Riley Tables.

ΦB

E. J. RILEY, LTD.,
GLEN WORKS, ACCRINGTON
or Dept. 13, 147 ALDERSGATE ST., LONDON, E.C.1

"I WAS ASTONISHED at the thoroughness and simplicity of your Courses"



... So writes a Northumberland pupil. Learning to Sketch is EASY and a real joy from the day you start. You do *original* work straight-away, simple outlines in Nature to begin with.

Soon you will be making happy little sketches of things about the house, your pets, your friends, of Uncle Bill and Cousin Phyllis and so on. Before long you will be out in the countryside with your pencil and brushes . . . thinking what a wonderful Hobby it is.

My teaching is entirely postal; no matter where you live you will enjoy the same sincere, thorough inspiring tuition which has produced more famous Artists than any other School of the kind.

SEND FOR MY FREE ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK

It is a most fascinating book, full of drawings; it tells you all about Sketching, its joys and possibilities. It describes my Courses for Beginners and Advanced students in full detail and shows how you can learn to Sketch in your spare time. Send me a p.c. for it to-day

Percy V. Bradshaw, THE PRESS ART SCHOOL, (Dept. P.S. 210), Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E.23.

The Joy of Early Holidays

JUNE DAYS ARE LONGER!

	AUGUST				
		7	14	21	28
SUNRISE 5·22 AM SUNSET 8·49 PM →	1	8	15	22	29
					30 ← SUNRISE 6·8 AM SUNSET 7·53 PM
					31

	JUNE				
	5	12	19	26	
	6	13	20	27	
	7	14	21	28	
SUNRISE 4·49 AM SUNSET 9·6 PM →	1	8	15	22	29
	2	9	16	23	30 ← SUNRISE 4·46 AM SUNSET 9·21 PM
	3	10	17	24	
	4	11	18	25	

JUNE 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET - 496¼ HOURS DAYLIGHT

AUG. 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET - 438¾ HOURS DAYLIGHT

- These extra hours of sunshine are extra hours of health.
- The countryside is never fresher than in June.
- Why add to the overcrowding in the later summer?
- And why not take advantage of cheaper accommodation?
- The Great Western Railway is the Early Holiday Line.
- And early travel is comfortable travel!

BEFORE YOU GO

Buy "Holiday Haunts 1938" containing Holiday Ad. dresses, etc. (Price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE

"Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts.

WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets issued from April 1st to October 31st, will enable you, to see the best of your chosen holiday district.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

GWR

FOR EARLIER HOLIDAYS!

Not All Fairheads are Pretty—but They All Have Glamour!

If you are fair or blonde and wish to stay fair, you must try, at least once, every fair hair shampoo (soap or soap substitute) that promises you beautiful hair. Then you must use Sta·blond, pronounced STAY-blond. You will see for yourself why millions of blondes and fair-heads have for seventeen years preferred Sta·blond—the world's first and original blond and fair-hair shampoo!

Sta·blond not only makes fair hair gleamy, soft and silky (all shampoos do that), but it does what no other shampoo can even claim to do. *It brings back the true golden beauty of childhood to darkened fair hair*, and *prevents light hair from darkening*—safely, without injurious bleaching or dyeing.

Furthermore, *ViteF*, part of the secret contents of Sta·blond, prevents and stops brittleness and dandruff and rejuvenates the roots. Your "perm" takes better. Try Sta·blond yourself, or insist that your hairdresser uses it to-day. You will be amazed at the wonderful results.

STAY FAIR WITH

STA·BLOND THE BLONDE'S OWN HAIR SHAMPOO

Avoid "Dosing" Children's Colds

Don't upset your child's stomach with internal "dosing." To break up his cold—or your own—quickly and safely, rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat, chest, and back at bedtime. It acts direct through the skin like a poultice and, at the same time, releases medicated vapours that are breathed in for hours. This direct double action loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, makes breathing easy, breaks up most colds overnight.

Just rub on VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

ITCHING FEET AND TOES RELIEVED AT ONCE!

End your misery from the intense itching of ringworm infections of the feet and toes by using Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. This powerfully antiseptic and germicidal ointment is a guaranteed *specific* for these conditions. The very first application stops all itching. It quickly kills the germs and soon heals the inflamed, cracked or scaly skin and restores it to normal. Obtainable from Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. Price 3/- per jar.

FREE ADVICE *Whatever your foot trouble, it can be corrected by Dr. Scholl's Method. Ask at any Dr. Scholl's Depot for free advice by foot expert.*

Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service

Dr Scholl's Solvex

Order your choice on approval

STYLE AND VALUE Sensations OF 1938

GENUINE Camelam REG^D COSTUME IN PURE LAMBS WOOL

MANY MONTHS TO PAY

Ward's Save You over 20/- on this very latest suit fashion! Everything about it is new—new style, new colour tones and, above all, new fabric—rich fleecy "Camelam" Pure Lamb's Wool of finest quality, the most delightful material for Spring and Summer, in the popular Camel shade and beautiful new London Tan.
Single-breasted, link-button Jacket, with four smart double-stitched patch pockets and imitation leather buttons. Perfectly tailored to give you slender, youthful lines. 100% Art Silk lining. Skirt has inverted pleat back and front.
Order on Approval NOW. Satisfy yourself that it is everything we claim it to be. Then if delighted, pay only **4/-** each month as you wear it.
SIZES: Hips, 34 to 44 ins.; Skirt lengths, 30, 32, 34 ins.
State size and colour.

NO CHARGE FOR CREDIT

Not one ha'penny is added for credit terms. In fact, we guarantee you will not find the equal of this value anywhere in Great Britain for cash. This guarantee is absolute proof of Ward's No Charge for Credit policy.

ORDER NO. DSE/4054

GENUINE Camelam REG^D COAT IN PURE LAMBS WOOL

NO CHARGE FOR CREDIT

You Must SEE this Remarkable Coat to appreciate its true worth. Then you'll be amazed at the marvellous value you're getting! You have only to handle the soft, fleecy texture of its famous "Camelam" Pure Lamb's Wool fabric to realise that such quality is worth double Ward's price. It's a fashion bargain that's all the more tempting because you can have it at once for only **4/-** down, without paying a ha'penny extra for credit.
Tailored on slim, youthful Lines, with big stitched collar and newest rounded revers, and jaunty all-round sash belt. Two neat pockets; fancy cuffs. Note the smart stitched back, as shown in smaller sketch. Lined 100% Art Silk. In the most fashionable of all the new season's colours—Camel or London Tan.
SIZES: Hips, 34 to 44 ins.; lengths, 46, 48 ins.
State size and colour.

Send for NEW FREE CATALOGUE Ready Early March. ORDER NO. D5E/4053

"ZIP"-FRONT COSTUME IN ANGORA FINISH TWEED

ORDER ON APPROVAL

Be first to have this brand new Zipper "Brucewood" Model. It's the smartest in style and material, and a sensation in value at our price of **18/11.**
Angora-finished Tweed is the popular fabric of the day for costumes, and we offer it to you in a choice of the very latest fashionable shades: London Tan, Clover, Saxe Blue, Light Green, or Navy.
Jacket has smart new Zipper front, two flap pockets, and two breast pocket flaps. Trim collar and revers, snug all-round belt. Lined 100% Art Silk. Skirt has inverted pleat at front.
Order yours TO-DAY and compare it with any costumes selling for 35/- cash.
Only if delighted you pay the trifling sum of **3/-** each month.
SIZES: Hips, 34 to 44 ins.; skirt lengths, 30, 32, 34 ins.
State size and colour. ORDER NO. D5E/4052

PIN P.O. TO COUPON

MARSHALL WARD LTD

WEMBLEY LONDON

To MARSHALL WARD LTD. (Dept. P.S.), Wembley, London.

I enclose.....for Special Offer No. ....., to be sent to me On Approval. If I return same, you are to refund my full Postal Order and also cost of return postage. Otherwise, I will pay.....each month until your special price, plus 9d. postage, is paid.

Hip Size..... Skirt or Coat Length..... Colour.....
(*Measure fullest part of seat.*)

NAME { Husband.....
(*State first and last names in full.*)
Wife.....
(*If unmarried, please state age.....*)

ADDRESS.....

Town..... County.....

Occupation.....

Have you bought from us before?.....

(37) 19/3/38 *This offer applies only in England, Scotland, and Wales.* 70

BE A BROWNETTE FOR YOU Thrilling FILM STAR HAIR

Ultra Blonde Hair requires "make-up" that's too harshly light to be lovely—warmer tones of powder and rouge look better. Get the popular "**Brownette**" effect praised by film stars who have deserted blonde hair and thrill more than ever with their new-found *glamour*. "**Hennafoam.**" puts subtle lyric tones of bronze, copper, amber, amethyst, sapphire, mahogany, coral and other fascinating tones into the hair of blonde or brunette—the result is a new loveliness called "Brownette." Try "Hennafoam" and see the new glory it brings to faces that have "never had a chance" in the grip of peroxide or old-style "dead" shampoos. See "Hennafoam" reveal a new and warmer glow of loveliness—in the face as well as the hair. Only 6d. a *double-sized package* from Chemists, Boots, Stores, Hairdressers. If any difficulty send P.O. to KATHLEEN COURT (Eng.), Ltd., Suite U.Z., 324, Regent Street, London, W.1.

"HENNA FOAM" SHAMPOO DOESNT DYE - DOESNT BLEACH BUT IT DOES DAZZLE

A REAL SENSATION says Macari

Toni Macari is amazed at his PAOLO SOPRANI, and no wonder! It is the outstanding Piano Accordeon of the age.

120-41 *Push Coupler.* 20/- *Deposit* 5/- *weekly. Case, tutor and straps Free*

Post Coupon for full details NOW

KINGSWAY SAX With exclusive features and improvements. Extra light touch, Silver-Plated Sandblast finish. Guaranteed for 15 years. Lovely tone. 20/- Deposit and 5/- weekly.

To HESSY'S, LTD., 18/20 Manchester Street, Liverpool.
Please send me Illustrated Brochures and details of Free Trial Offer. Instrument.....

Name.....

Address.....
——UNSEALED ENVELOPE, ½d. STAMP——

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Year by year for nearly half a century many thousands of young British men and women have enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools because they wanted the training best fitted to help them win success in their particular business, industry or profession. Their total now reaches 800,000 and additional thousands are ever following their wise example. That is unmistakable proof of the reputation of the I.C.S., the first in the field and ever in the lead.

The size of your salary largely depends on what you know and therefore can do. *The more you know, the greater your pay.* Success is a matter of TRAINED ABILITY, which adds so much to a man's income, security and happiness.

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Examinations: Professional, Technical, Civil Service, Matriculation (State your Exam.)

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS
Removed by Electrolysis at Home

No need now to pay expensive fees for Electrolysis, the only permanent treatment. Any lady can use genuine Electrolysis, the method of World-famous Beauty Salons, with a VANDRE HOME ELECTROLYSIS OUTFIT in privacy at home. No chemicals, no discomfort; it leaves the skin clear and lovely, revealing unrealised beauty of skin and profile with disfiguring hairs and moles gone for ever. It has never failed. Guaranteed, and so simple a child could use it. Complete, ready for use, £4 4*s.* 0*d.* or 10*s.* monthly. Trial Free. Full particulars free in plain envelope.

VANDRE, Ltd. (Dept. 91), 189, Pitt St., Glasgow

Nature's way with all GASTRIC and DIGESTIVE troubles

DRUGS ARE USELESS

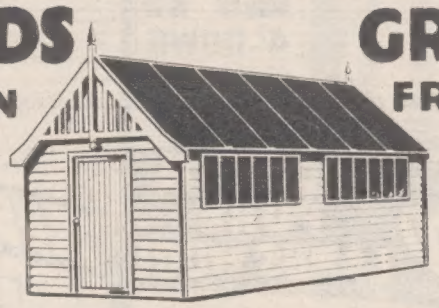
except as a temporary palliative. "Suntona" Wholemeal SLIPPERY ELM Food nourishes the body, whilst the fine, gelatinous Slippery Elm Bark (*Ulmus Fulva*) acts as an "internal poultice," soothing the tender, delicate membranes of the intestine, sweetening the digestive tract, healing inflamed tissues, ulcers, piles, etc. It **has prevented an appendicitis operation in many thousands of cases.**

Readily digested, delicious in flavour, "Suntona" is the perfect diet for invalids and all stomach sufferers. Try this *natural* way to health to-day. ½lb. 1/1 at Health Food Stores, Boots, Taylor's, Timothy Whites, etc. Test sample 6d. with FREE 64 p.p. book "Nature's Healing Powers," from: SUNTONA LTD., 64 EXCHANGE WALK, NOTTINGHAM.

Suntona WHOLEMEAL SLIPPERY ELM FOOD

SOUTH WESTERN

STORE SHEDS FROM 4/6 DOWN

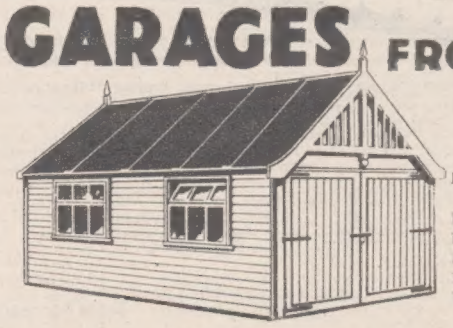


L	W	E	R	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts.	Floor extra
6	4	5	6	45/-	4/6	3/11	10/6
8	5	5	6½	65/-	5/6	5/9	14/6
10	6	5	6½	80/-	7/-	7/1	26/6
12	7	5	7	100/-	8/-	8/11	36/6
14	7	5	7	115/-	8/6	10/4	42/-
16	8	6	8	175/-	10/-	15/11	52/6

GREENHOUSES FROM 4/- DOWN

L ft.in.	W ft. in.	Height E ft.in.	Height R ft.in.	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts
6 7	4 9	4 2	6 6	52/-	4/-	4/8
7 7	4 9	4 2	6 6	58/-	4/-	5/3
8 7	6 9	4 2	7 6	79/-	4/6	7/3
9 7	6 9	4 2	7 6	100/-	5/-	9/3
11 8	6 9	5 2	8 6	131/6	7/-	12/1
14 9	8 10	5 2	9 7	163/-	9/-	15/-

GARAGES FROM 5/- DOWN



L	W	E	R	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts.	Floor extra
8	6	6	7½	77/6	5/-	7/-	17/6
10	7	6	8	112/6	7/-	10/2	29/6
11	7	6	8	117/6	7/-	10/8	32/6
12	7	6	8	122/6	7/6	11/1	36/6
14	7	6	8	137/6	8/-	12/6	42/-
16	8	6	8	187/6	12/6	16/11	52/6

ASBESTOS GARAGES FROM 6/6 DOWN

L	W	E	R	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts.	Floor extra
8	6	6	7½	97/6	6/6	8/10	17/6
10	7	6	8	132/6	8/-	12/-	29/6
11	7	6	8	137/6	8/6	12/6	32/6
12	7	6	8	142/6	9/-	12/11	36/6
14	8	6	8	182/6	12/6	16/5	45/-
16	8	6	8	207/6	15/-	18/7	52/6

GARDEN SHEDS FROM 2/- DOWN

L	W	E	R	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts.	Floor extra.
4	3	5	6	25/-	2/-	2/3	6/-
6	4	5	6	40/-	4/-	3/6	10/6
8	5	5	6¼	60/-	5/-	5/4	14/6
9	6	5	6½	70/-	6/-	6/2	22/6
10	7	5	7	85/-	7/-	7/7	29/6
12	8	5	7⅓	110/-	8/-	9/10	39/-

DELIVERY FREE ENGLAND AND WALES BY RAIL OR LORRY

POST THIS COUPON FOR ILLUSTRATED COLOUR CATALOGUE ➡

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Please forward, post free, your 1938 Art Catalogue of Sectional Buildings

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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Dept. 47

Bungalows
Sheds
Motor Houses
Greenhouses
Poultry Houses

Strike out those not required

How Professor Polland, famous dermatologist of Graz University, Austria, prescribes for approaching

BALDNESS

Dr. Polland sums up his wide experience of the cause and cure of baldness in few words—'Ninety per cent. of baldness is caused by the starvation of the hair root. When the blood stream fails to feed the hair root, I invariably prescribe the application of Silvikrin, because it is **the natural food the hair must have.'**

Mr. Weightman (above) was 'for all intents and purposes bald.' See what a growth of hair he has now—thanks to Silvikrin! Read his grateful letter below—

200 Kingsley Road,
Hounslow, Middlesex.

Dear Sirs,

My hair had been falling out so badly for so many years, that for all intents and purposes I was bald - just a few straggling hairs was all I had left. Four months ago I started using Silvikrin, and have not missed a single application since that time, and I can say with pleasure that it definitely does grow hair. So pronounced has this growth been that I have recovered a head of healthy hair.

(sgd.) Frank Weightman.

As seen under the microscope by Mr. Weightman—a section of the human scalp, showing the bulbous so-called 'root' which can come right out. The real root is the fibrous growth underneath: it is this that Silvikrin nourishes.

The most amazing piece of research on hair growth is the discovery, by the brilliant biochemist, Dr. Weidner, of the fourteen separate and distinct organic components of the natural food the hair must have for its natural growth. These fourteen have actually been prepared in *nature's exact proportions*, in Silvikrin. When the bloodstream fails to deliver this food to the hair roots, dandruff, falling hair, and even baldness result, and *the only thing left to do is to apply Silvikrin.* This explains the spectacular success Silvikrin has had in clearing up dandruff, stopping hair falling, and actually making new hair grow — *as hundreds of doctors all over the world have proved.*

Look up *your* hair trouble in the table—see what you need—get your Silvikrin *to-day!*

WHAT YOU NEED

For dandruff—hair beginning to fall. To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural beauty—

Ask for SILVIKRIN LOTION

For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches. To restore healthy new hair growth, use the concentrated natural organic hair food—

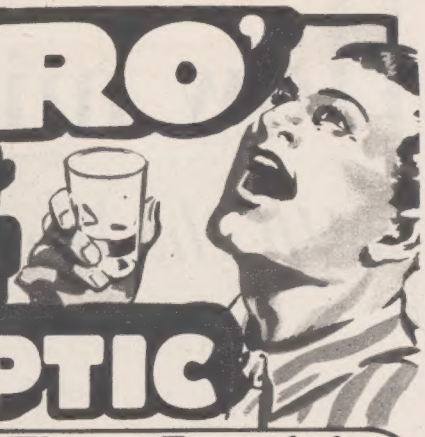
Ask for PURE SILVIKRIN

Obtainable from all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

Silvikrin DOES GROW HAIR

L-47-H

ASPRO the great THROAT ANTISEPTIC



GET THE HABIT of GARGLING with 'ASPRO' every morning & KEEP INFECTION AWAY!

The Tiny Particles adhere to the Lining of the Throat...

One of the most interesting of recent medical discoveries is the fact that, when 'ASPRO' tablets are used in water as a gargle, tiny microscopic particles are released which adhere to the lining of the throat for some considerable time. Some gargles do not adhere to the throat lining long enough to be effective. 'ASPRO' is, therefore, a gargle of outstanding merit. In cases of sore throat, immediate antiseptic action takes place when you gargle with 'ASPRO'—the soreness goes—the spread of infection stops. If you wish to keep free from infectious complaints, just adopt the policy of gargling every morning with 'ASPRO.' After gargling, sip some of the mixture.

DO THIS

To use 'ASPRO' as a gargle all you have to do is to put 2 or 3 'ASPRO' tablets into half a glass of water. The tablets will break up immediately, leaving thousands of tiny particles suspended in the liquid. Then use the liquid as a gargle in the ordinary way.

Latest news from Users—

COULD NOT SPEAK OR SWALLOW

148 Lymington Avenue,
Wood Green,
London, N.22.

Dear Sirs,

On Monday, Aug. 9th, I returned to work feeling fit after a week's holiday. At noon same day I had a sore throat. At 6 p.m. I could not speak or swallow. Tuesday I lay in bed in agony, could not swallow a drop of water. Wednesday my wife asked me to try to gargle with 'ASPRO.' I did this all day long. To-day, Thursday, I am back at work. The stuff it shifted from my throat was marvellous. No wonder I was in agony. I say 'ASPROS' are worth a guinea a tablet. You may use this in your own words to what purpose you wish.

I wish you all the best and 1,000 thanks. Yours faithfully,
E. H. BULLOCK.

QUINSY RELIEVED BY 'ASPRO' GARGLE

77 Field Street, Durban.

To whom it may concern:

Dear Sir,—I recently suffered from a severe attack of Quinsy, and after trying various remedies I was recommended to try an 'ASPRO' Gargle, and have pleasure in stating that I found considerable relief, in fact it was through taking 'ASPRO' tablets that I gained a rapid recovery.

I strongly recommend anyone suffering from a like complaint to use an 'ASPRO' Gargle, and I am sure they will also derive considerable benefit when no other medicine has given relief.

Yours faithfully,
J. McKAY.

You may use this as you wish.
J. McKAY.

WONDERFUL RECOVERY FROM 'FLU

B.M.S. writes from London, S.W.16.

"I would very much like to express my gratitude for such a wonderful recovery from 'flu. I am feeling very well again now. I was with friends at a party and was taken ill with 'flu. I could not go back to my place until the following morning.

A friend gave me two 'ASPRO' tablets with a cup of hot lemon. He also gave me a small box of tablets and then I was in bed for one day only. I was then able to carry on with my work feeling myself again, thanks to 'ASPRO' tablets, and I shall never be without them."

HOT MILK & 'ASPRO' HELPS LADY OF 70

45 Alderue Avenue,
Benchill, Northenden,
Manchester.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and thank you for your wonderful tablets. About 9 years ago, while on holiday to gain strength after a long illness, I met a lady who told me of the great benefit she got from taking 'ASPRO' and so I took her advice and whenever I feel out-of-sorts or a chill coming on I take 2 in hot milk and am all right next day. The same with my family, they too swear by 'ASPROS' and now in their own homes they, like me, would not be without the wonderful tablets.

I am now in my 70th year and feel much better in health than I had done in the previous years before taking the tablets.

Again I thank you and would advise all those who suffer in any way to try 'ASPROS.'

I am, Yours gratefully,
M. A. ATKINSON (Mrs.).

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO LTD.
Slough, Bucks.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK & DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

ASPRO

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P.400A

WINGS NORTH

beginning

a serial of frontier intrigue and a fight for frozen gold. Somewhere in the white wastes of the northwest territory, lies the lode found by Swiftwater Stewart just before he was murdered. Sharing a knowledge of its location, young Court Stewart and Skinner McGinn plan a wilderness reconnaissance by air. And then they hit trouble, good and plenty

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. E. STOTT

AS Court Stewart descended the ice-sheathed steps and so swung lightly to the platform, he saw with satisfaction that the ornate concrete and granite station, like the snow-bound streets of the wilderness metropolis beyond, was practically deserted. He knew that it was impossible to merge unnoticed into the winter scheme of gossip-hungry Atherton; in this boom town, outfitting point and "farewell junction" through which raw gold and its attendant commerce flowed incessantly during the brief summer season. The fevers born of great, recent strikes and rumours of yet mightier El Dorados hidden in the formidable north were merely dormant, ready to be roused again at a moment's notice.

The fewer people who noted his arrival, therefore, the less would be the speculation concerning it; and there were, at the moment, only three men fully in the open, leaning against the bitter, sub-zero wind; a railroad attaché with dispatcher's orders fluttering in his mittened hand, a shivering mail clerk and the driver of the hotel omnibus.

A fourth man was there, though Court was not aware of it until a moment later; he stood in the niche that guarded the main doors of the waiting-room, a point of vantage that not only sheltered him from the wind, but also enabled him, unobserved, to study the descending passengers. The upturned collar of his service greatcoat all but obscured his face; the device on his sleeve was that of lieutenant, Atherton division, of the Provincial Police.

Court spoke to the train-man stationed at the steps in passing, his teeth flashing in a slow grin that lighted up his good-natured, somewhat pugnacious features, and nodded to the driver of the hotel omnibus, indicating his luggage. It was durable, all-leather luggage, battle-scarred, but obviously of good pedigree; like Court himself, who was dressed for the wilds in knee-length pacs, heavy woollen breeches and fleece-lined coat designed to withstand both cold and damp, it had a robust, seasoned, quietly confident air. The bus driver seized upon it with eager respect, racking it on the deck of an adjacent hand-truck: Gladstones, duffel bags, gun-cases and smaller, strap-suspended receptacles housing camera and field-glasses.

Court did not turn his back to the biting wind, but fronted directly into it for a moment, hands thrust deep in his side pockets, his feet firmly planted.

He raised his face, his chest swelling as he sampled the chill message pouring down from the iron peaks to the north-east; he tilted his head still farther back to scan the flawless, steel-blue infinity that joined horizon to tumultuous, gleaming horizon. An unconscious reflex, this, significant to discerning eyes.

Mountains and snow-choked gorges were impassable barriers only to those who crawled and crept via man-killing snowshoes and laborious dog sleds; a flier looked first at the sky.

He turned on his heel, unsmiling, but with a holding-in of exultant forces; it was like that of a small boy, circus-bound, who, at long last, hears the rollicking notes of the calliope and sees the far-off, beckoning dome of the big tent. The train was under way; he waved to a blurred face beyond the frost-spangled window of the club car and made a mystic signal of farewell to the train-man on the steps.

The baggage hand-truck having already lumbered from view and the platform being apparently empty, his restraint crumbled; he executed a brief, exuberant jig step, clicking his heels together and stamping his feet.

Then, with a half-sheepish glance about him, he thrust his hands deep in his pockets and crossed

(*please turn over*)

"It's fortunate this is a confidential conversation, Mr. Stewart. Those are dangerous sentiments in this region"

towards the waiting-room with long, buoyant strides.

"Get hold of yourself, Stewart," he told himself, resuming the mask that had only momentarily been laid aside. "It's a big game, m'lad. Big stakes. Take nothing for granted."

When the officer stepped from his niche to bar the way, his tones were coldly courteous, his manner official. "Beg pardon, sir. Mr. Courtenay Stewart?"

"That's right." Court's glance flicked briefly to the device on the sleeve of the greatcoat and back to his questioner's spare, expressionless face. "Provincial Police, eh? Lieutenant——"

"McBain."

Court knew better than to attempt to brush aside the impending red tape; it was best to welcome inspection, in fact, so that curious persons should learn all that it was necessary to know through official channels.

"I was checked through at Vancouver, but I suppose you'll want to see my papers. Inside?"

"Better step over to my office in the next block. I hope you don't mind legging it, instead of taking the hotel bus?"

"It's all right. I'll tell the driver."

They went into the waiting-room, where Court attended to this detail. He also stopped at the window to inquire about telegrams. The dispatcher thumbed through a file and nodded; a wire had come through yesterday from Edmonton. It had been delivered to the hotel, where Mr. Courtenay Stewart could claim it upon proper identification.

This was disturbing; Court pondered it as he followed McBain along the alley cleared by snow-ploughs through the shoulder-high drifts. The wire from Edmonton was undoubtedly from Arctic Airways. A wire at Vancouver a week before had confirmed the charter of the ship and all attendant details. The CA-17 was supposed to have been flown over the Rockies, via the Jasper route, three days since. His first thought was apprehensive. Had the pilot succeeded in cracking up on that relatively easy stretch?

The building, housing administration offices and barracks of the fifteen troopers who patrolled, with the assistance of a like number of Royal Canadian Mounted Police, some quarter million square miles of territory, was severe in aspect and appointments. McBain led the way through an outer office, where a uniformed man on duty saluted smartly. There was also a civilian, leaning in languid pose against the end of a long counter, his open bearskin coat revealing his slender, booted figure. His features were partially hidden by a close-fitting fur cap with ear pads lowered, but such portions as were visible were strikingly handsome after a hard, somewhat dissipated fashion; finely chiselled, hollow-eyed, the tiny waxed moustache imparting a dandified air belied by the cynicism of his lips and the contour of his lean, truculent jaw.

Court recognised the type: A remittance man—one banished to the outer frontier of the Empire through transgression of one of the codes the centuries had reared about Britain's ruling class. Some of these unfortunates, often scions of titled and landed families, were utterly worthless, crushed under the weight of their own disgrace. A few were goaded to the opposite extreme; these high-spirited wastrels presented a type formidable even in lawless outposts; the individual who knows in his heart that the ruins of all scruples are behind him.

This one was of the latter species, Court surmised. It was a type that had always both attracted and repelled him, steeped as he himself was in the traditions of the Empire. One heritage invariably remained to them. An impenetrable poise, an aloofness rooted in the memory of caste and class. It was evidenced here; the man inclined his head in response to McBain's curt nod, but seemed oblivious of Court's presence. Yet Court had a feeling that he had been subjected to a scrutiny even more shrewd and inclusive than his own.

McBain seated himself at his desk in his private sanctum. It was remote from the front office, flanking a window that looked out upon a deserted, snowbound street. He indicated a stiff leather-backed chair opposite, but Court remained standing; he drew out his wallet, extracted his papers and slid them across the desk.

The lieutenant examined them in a leisurely fashion that implied a polite rebuke, comparing them with a sheaf on his desk. At length he nodded.

"They appear to be in order. You've renewed your miner's licence, I see." He leaned back, his bony finger-tips drumming silently on the desk. "A few questions for our information here, if you don't mind. Routine merely, but essential."

"Go ahead," Court invited, replacing papers and wallet in an inner pocket.

"Your father, Courtenay Stewart, Sen., a British citizen, left England at an early age and spent the balance of his life in the mining regions of Alaska, the Yukon Territory and Northern British Columbia. He died at Atlin ten years ago, in 1926. He was a prospector of considerable experience, known in these regions as 'Swiftwater' Stewart?"

"That's right. Though I can't understand, lieutenant——"

"You'll understand in a moment, sir. Be patient, please. Your status here must be clarified in detail."

"Okay." Court recognised the hint of cold officiousness in the other's manner. To rebel against it was foolish. "Proceed."

"As a lad, you accompanied your father on at least two summer expeditions into the Cassiar and Cariboo districts?"

"That's right."

"During which, I take it, you acquired considerable information on trail work, hunting, camp-making, prospecting and the like. You also gained a sketchy knowledge of the region—I mean, its topographical features and mineral possibilities."

Court nodded. "It was my father's life. He let me go with him twice. As a kid will, I ate it up."

"And last summer," said McBain, glancing at his file, "you studied the terrain again, from the air. I happened to be stationed at Quesnel, so that I did not, personally, meet the members of the International Geographic Expedition when they came through. The complete record, of course, is before me. You were the expedition's pilot. The other members of the party included a Mr. Standish, a geologist, Cobb, a photographer and a local man, one Henry—Skinner—McGinn, who served the expedition in the capacity of cook, guide and handy man. Right?"

"Right," said Court, carelessly. "And, by the way, where is Skinner? Is he around town? I've been looking forward to seeing the old cut-throat."

"We'll come to McGinn in a moment. And you may take it for granted, Mr. Stewart, that our file is fairly complete. Since you wired McGinn at Hazelton to meet you here, and he responded that he would meet you without fail, you must surely have some notion as to his whereabouts?"

"That's just the point," Court agreed, readily. "Yes, I wired him. But he didn't meet me at the station."

"Perhaps because he wished to avoid attracting attention?"

Court shrugged. "Perhaps." He was, belatedly, on guard; there was more here than met the eye. "And you can take it for granted, lieutenant, that I've nothing to hide except my personal and private business. This might interest an individual; it can't possibly concern the Provincial Police."

But McBain was unruffled. "You'll permit us to judge that, if you don't mind. If your personal affairs lead you to embark on a highly dangerous enterprise, we must know your qualifications and, perhaps, your motives. First, your flying experience. The fact that you hold a transport licence in the States didn't qualify you entirely for the expedition

last summer, I take it. You've also had some training along geological lines?"

"As an amateur, yes."

"You also had an interest—a 'personal and private' interest—in the terrain to be covered by the expedition?"

Court looked hard at him, outwardly stolid, but with inner and mounting concern. "These are not routine questions, lieutenant. Will you state bluntly what you're driving at?"

"Delighted. Will you answer as frankly?"

"I won't promise that."

"No?" McBain's hard features congealed a little. "Come, come, Mr. Stewart. You know your way about in the province. You must surely know that we can help or hinder you greatly—no matter how 'personal' your business may be."

"I'm asking neither help nor hindrance," said Court, his blood rising. "Has it occurred to you, lieutenant, that I can claim citizenship here, under British law? If I'm forced to, that is, for strategic purposes?"

"There's no question of citizenship involved. It's immaterial."

"Very well then. My papers are in order. I've already been checked through by your superiors in Vancouver. If you insist on this examination, let's do it under oath, with my attorney and a stenographer present. Then, if you get out of your depth, it'll be a matter of record. Fair enough?"

McBain looked at him through narrowed, inscrutable eyes. His fingers drummed silently on the desk.

"Don't adopt an arbitrary attitude, Mr. Stewart. No emergency exists. These inquiries look to your own welfare. In the circumstances—as you know them—can any purpose be served by antagonising the Provincial Police?"

His tone was more conciliatory. Whether or not this arose from the fact that a bluff had been called, Court could not determine. In any event, he decided to meet the gesture halfway. No use getting off on the wrong foot right at the start.

"Okay. Go ahead. Maybe I can answer you at that, and no harm done."

"Good. Here is my first specific question: Is it true, or not, that your father, Swiftwater Stewart, during the summer before he died, discovered a tremendous placer deposit somewhere east of Atlin—a strike that might have rivalled that of the Klondike?"

Court did not immediately reply. He drew out a leather case and extracted a cigarette, lighted it and blew a thoughtful cloud of smoke upwards. He could feel his pulses quickening. On the instant, the complexion of the interview had changed; it was not now a question of how much he could withhold from this still-faced official—who was a poker player of calibre, plainly enough—but of finding out how much McBain himself knew.

"I can't answer that, of my own knowledge. I've heard rumours. My father died, you know, before he had recovered his faculties. He'd had a terrible experience. Someone had apparently left him for dead, somewhere out in the wilds, west of the Liard. He made it through to Atlin, but not in time to tell what he knew."

McBain nodded. "That's the official version Have you also heard rumours to the effect that your father had a large amount of gold on his sled when he arrived at Atlin, but that official investigation failed to disclose any trace of it? Or the even more sinister theory that he might have recovered from his experiences except that some unknown person—presumably the one who assaulted him in the wilds—saw to it that he did not recover?"

"I've heard that too."

"Do you entertain a theory as to who this unknown person was?"

"That wouldn't be reasonable, lieutenant. I was sixteen years old at the time. At a boys' school, some two thousand miles south in the States. Naturally, I'd like to know."

"We'll assume that you do have a theory concerning one of the few crimes of violence that the Mounties have failed to solve in the Territory. That's your privilege, of course. My next question: Is it true, or not true, that Henry—Skinner—McGinn, while camp cook on the expedition last summer, stumbled upon a placer deposit that you have reason to believe is the lost Swiftwater Stewart strike?"

This was specific with a vengeance. Court shook his head with a slow grin; he imitated McBain's irritation of a moment before. "Come, come, lieutenant. If that were true, d'ye think I'd admit it in any circumstances?"

"If it is not true, just why are you here, at Atherton, in midwinter? Why wire McGinn to meet you here? Why charter a plane at Edmonton—the same plane used by the expedition, incidentally—with orders to have it delivered here, serviced and fuelled for a thousand-mile trip?"

"H'm'm," said Court. "Your files are complete, eh? I don't believe I'll answer that, lieutenant. Instead, I'll ask you this: In the event all your suspicions are correct, just what is your official interest in the matter?"

"This," said McBain, simply: "It's entirely within our province to prevent you from attempting such a risky venture if, in our judgment, your equipment and preparation are inadequate."

"So?" Court stroked his jaw thoughtfully. "I'm beginning to see daylight in the swamps. Not bad, at that. Who's back of this official interest?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"We're calling a spade a spade," Court reminded. "Whose axe are you grinding? Who, working through you, is determined to see to it that I don't risk my own neck?" He leaned his weight on the desk, looking down quizzically; he lowered his voice: "Not, by any chance, a great warty reptile in the local political puddle known as—Buckley?"

McBain was plainly staggered at such bluntness. He took refuge in mild official reproof:

"It's fortunate this is a confidential conversation, Mr. Stewart. Those are dangerous sentiments even to whisper, in this region. 'A great warty reptile,' did you say?" A cold, remote twinkle glinted in his eyes; it was gone as quickly. "I must inform you that Sir Thorncliffe Buckley is a distinguished citizen of the Dominion. A former M.P. One of the leaders of his party, knighted for his services to the Crown——"

"Yes, yes," said Court. They were more nearly speaking the same language now. "I know. Just before the railroad scandals, when the public learned what the bill would be, and just why, and at what cost, steel was laid along certain routes. Just after the land-grant upheaval, to which Buckley pointed with indignation with one hand, and with the other——". He shrugged. "Never mind the rest of it. But since this is confidential, lieutenant, remember that I've spent half my life on each side of the line. We haven't a corner on a certain type of politician on our side. Let's hurry by Buckley's public-spirited impulses. The point is, I might find my way smoothed a bit—just a little bit—if I were to call on Buckley?"

"Well, Court!" She emerged from a laughing group just inside and to the right of the crowded lobby; a graceful figure even in the engulfing folds of a ski costume. Court had often wondered why women wore such outfits. "Don't faint or anything. Just guess who"

McBain stroked his thin lip, looking up from beneath an arched eyebrow. "You might."

A dry quality in his voice—his first touch of grim humour—reaffirmed their understanding. They were on the opposite sides of the fence, but McBain was giving a fair warning, inviting a meeting of minds.

"For example, lieutenant, let's assume that I had a little jaunt north in mind. Let's assume further that your department—solely from a benevolent interest in my welfare—decided that the risk was too great. Buckley could straighten out these little difficulties, perhaps?"

"He might. He controls the Inland Trading and Transportation Company——"

"Limited?"

"Limited. The company is known locally and—ah—somewhat facetiously as 'TNT.' It also happens that TNT has food and fuel caches located in various parts of the north. If we were assured that, in the event of some misfortune, you would have access to these supplies——"

"I see. It's becoming more simple by the minute. Wait!" Court grinned outright. "Don't tell me that Buckley's here in town? Just happens to be?"

"By a coincidence, yes. Not here, but over at Skyline Lake. With a party of guests. For Sir Thorncliffe's convenience, the road has been ploughed

(*please turn to page* 36)

★ *Introducing Seven Men of Mystery who were never found out* ★

DEATHLESS ONE

Is the first of a series of articles through which mystery men of the ages will stalk. Attempts have been made to explain the problems that will be discussed, but wise men give the whole thing up. It's best that way

BY W. J. PASSINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I

THE golden rule of the chronicler is to begin at the beginning, and the only excuse that can be offered for making an exception in this case is simply that historians have failed to find a beginning. Stranger still, they have also failed to find an end.

Let me explain.

Throughout recorded history is to be found, here and there, mention of a mysterious being who passes across the stage of human affairs, rich, powerful, working out a hidden purpose behind the scenes, coming no man knows whence—always, it seems, arranging to die in obscurity although authentic evidence of his decease can never be found.

And the man to whom this queer description applies in every way is the Comte de Saint-Germain, the historical enigma.

Of his reality there can be no shadow of doubt. The facts about Saint-Germain are recorded and vouched for by reliable French, German, and English writers who knew him personally, without ever uncovering the deep mystery surrounding him. He stands out, a sombre, impressive figure against a brilliant background of life at the court of that supreme egoist, King Louis XV of France, while a crowd of idlers were busy sowing seed for a terrible harvest—the French Revolution.

Voltaire, Horace Walpole, the exiled Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and many other famous men of that period, mention Saint-Germain in their memoirs. Even more significant, this man's name is allotted considerable space in the State Papers of France, in long and detailed reports from secret service agents to the French police. All describe him after the same fashion —as a stately, middle-aged man speaking French with a Jewish accent.

Nothing was discovered against his character. Like the question of his birth, the source of his great wealth remained a complete mystery. He never played cards or gambled; nor did he practise as a charlatan. Scandal was never attached to his name. Always dressed in black silk, this strange figure mingles in an incongruous setting—like a furtive silhouette gliding among the gay throng which paid homage to a royal mistress, the Marquise de Pompadour, and gradually, unobtrusively, he establishes himself among the greatest men of art and literature she gathered about her at Versailles.

The aristocracy of France seems to have awakened too late to prevent the advancement of a queer stranger in their exclusive circle about the ravishing Pompadour. At a time when intense jealousy was instantly aroused by the bestowal of a royal favour, however slight, Saint-Germain gained an intimate position with the king and queen—even so far as to share and be trusted with their close secrets.

Through a maze of intrigue he went his stately way, unperturbed, after the fashion of the *grand seigneur*, claiming social equality with the best in all France.

Moreover, few dared to dispute his place, for there was good reason to fear this stranger who called himself Comte de Saint-Germain.

Brought from Germany by the Marechal de Belle-Isle, in which country he was known as *der Wundermann*, or magician, Saint-Germain quickly revealed himself to the French court as a genius of many parts. Germany admired him as a master of science, but in France he was first noticed as a wonderful musician and then as a man of great wealth. On state occasions Saint-Germain blazed with precious stones. His fingers, watch, snuff-box, shoe-buckles and even his garter-studs flashed with gems. On one occasion a court jeweller who happened to be present made a rough estimate of the jewellery Saint-Germain wore upon his person, and the estimate totalled 200,000 francs.

Saint-Germain openly claimed to have the secret of removing flaws from diamonds, and this information was quickly conveyed to the king. It was also whispered in the royal ear that the man must be mad because he talked of famous people dead for centuries whom he had known personally. Louis at once put Saint-Germain to the test. He showed him a yellow diamond valued at 6,000 francs—which, without a flaw, would be worth 10,000 francs at least. Saint-Germain examined the stone, and smiled gently.

"I thank you for the opportunity, Sire," he said. "This diamond will be returned to you in less than a month and it will be flawless."

Courtiers overhearing the statement chuckled among themselves. They knew there was no chance of deception on Saint-Germain's part. Louis had arranged for the stone to be marked. So they could see the mysterious Comte de Saint-Germain leaving Versailles within the month. It was beyond the power of any man to alter the substance of a diamond.

However, the silk-clad stranger remained among them, calm before the fate that threatened him, and in less than a month he placed a flawless diamond in the king's hands. Louis made no comment on this miracle, but sent the diamond to his own jeweller for valuation. The jeweller offered his royal patron 9,600 francs for the stone, and his offer was promptly refused. Thus, an incident which promised to discredit Saint-Germain, served to forge a closer bond of friendship between him and the king.

Soon Saint-Germain was suspected of being able to make precious stones by a chemical secret. Everything pointed to his ability in this direction. The established facts about this amazing man are without logical explanation. Even to-day, the Encyclopædia Britannica describes the Comte de Saint-Germain as :

> "A celebrated adventurer who, by the assertion of some extraordinary secrets of nature, exercised considerable influence at several European courts. Of his birth and parentage nothing is known."

We have the testimony of the Marquise de Pompadour's lady-in-waiting

"'What sort of man was King Francis; a king I could have loved?" asked Madame de Pompadour, and laughed heartily at her question

in the well known "Memoirs of Madame du Hausset" for Saint-Germain's marvellous jewellery and the mystery surrounding his age. Madame du Hausset writes :

"He showed Madame de Pompadour a little box full of rubies, topazes and diamonds. Saint-Germain selected a superb ruby and tossed it over to me with a gesture of indifference. The court jeweller afterwards offered me 1,500 francs for it.

"A man as amazing as a witch, he came often to see Madame de Pompadour. This Comte de Saint-Germain wished to make people believe he had lived for several centuries. He described the beauty of Mary Stuart in the height of her youth as Queen of France.

"'What sort of man was King Francis; a king I could have loved?' asked Madame de Pompadour, and laughed heartily at her question.

(*King Francis II, husband of Mary Stuart, had at that time been dead nearly two hundred years.*)

"'A good sort of fellow, too fiery—I could have given the boy a useful piece of advice, but he would not have listened,' Saint-Germain told her.

"'You seem to have known them all," said Madame de Pompadour.

"'Sometimes,' Saint-Germain answered, 'I amuse myself not by making people believe, but by letting them believe that I have lived from time immemorial.'

"'But you do not tell us your age, and give yourself out as very old. Our friend Madame de Gergy, who was wife of the French ambassador at Venice fifty years ago, says that she knew you there—and that you are not changed in the least.'

"'It is true, madame, that I knew Madame de Gergy long ago.'

"'But according to her story,' Madame de Pompadour said, 'you must now be over a century old.'

"'It may be so, but I admit that even more possibly the respected lady is in her dotage.'"

According to Madame du Hausset, Saint-Germain looked to be a man about fifty years of age when he first became a visitor to the Pompadour's apartments during the year 1760. The aged Madame de Gergy asserted that he looked precisely the same in Venice about the year 1710. Nor was she the only one, ripe in years, to come forward with the same evidence.

Many old people at that time claimed to have known Saint-Germain when they were young, and openly declared he had not changed at all for a century. He always looked the same—a beautifully dressed, well preserved man of about fifty years of age!

Madame du Hausset observes that on occasion she heard Saint-Germain speak quietly of a childhood spent in palaces, on magnificent terraces glowing beneath an azure sky. Listening to his enthralling story, she gained the impression that he referred to the glories of ancient Egypt.

It became the general belief in Paris, that Saint-Germain was the illegitimate son of the King of Portugal. Another rumour had it that he was the natural son of the Queen of Spain. The Duc de Choiseul, most responsible French minister at that time, had every rumour investigated in the hope of bringing ignominy upon Saint-Germain. Not a single piece of reliable evidence could be found. In any case, both King Louis and the Marquise de Pompadour continued to treat him as a person of consequence.

Meanwhile the French police watched Saint-Germain's every movement to discover the source of his great income. They argued that he must be financed by other European powers for the purpose of espionage in France. Their reasons for this suspicion were based on an exploit of Saint-Germain when he resided in England during the Jacobite rising of 1745. It was very significant that Saint-Germain's arrival in London coincided with the invasion of England by Prince Charles Edward Stuart's army, when the latter managed to evade the Duke of Cumberland and march as far south as Derby.

Horace Walpole in a letter dated December 9, 1745, to a friend in Florence, writes :—

"The other day they seized an odd man who goes by the name of Count Saint-Germain. He has been here these two years, and will not tell us who he is, or whence, but professes that he does not go by his right name. He sings, plays on the violin wonderfully, composes, is mad and not very sensible.

"He is called an Italian, a Spaniard, a Pole; a somebody who married a great fortune in Mexico, and ran away with her jewels to Constantinople; a priest, a fiddler, a vast nobleman.

"The Prince of Wales has had unsatiated curiosity about him, but in vain. However, nothing has been made out against him; he is released, and, what convinces me he is no gentleman, stays here and complains of his being taken up for a spy."

Even the infallible English of the eighteenth century failed to penetrate the mystery of the Comte de Saint-Germain, and poured forth their ridicule for lack of common sense.

French spies continued to shadow Saint-Germain, and in 1762 they traced him as far as St. Petersburg. Here it seemed certain that he played an important part in the great conspiracy against the Russian emperor, Peter III, in the July of that year. It was a clever scheme which ended in placing Catherine the Great on the throne of Russia, but no evidence of the part Saint-Germain played in it ever came to light. The man of mystery made a leisurely return south by way of Germany.

It was in Germany that Saint-Germain met a young man who, on his own confession, begged to become a pupil—and the pupil was none other than Alessandro Cagliostro, afterwards the greatest charlatan in Europe. According to Cagliostro, in his *Memoires authentiques*, Saint-Germain was the real founder of freemasonry and the man who initiated him into its rites.

The news of Saint-Germain's return to Paris seems to have preceded him, for the Duc de Choiseul brought all his influence to bear upon the king that the man of mystery might be turned back from the frontiers of France. But Louis apparently looked forward to a renewal of his conversations with the entertaining *Wundermann*, and refused his minister's earnest advice. The Comte de Saint-Germain was welcomed back to Versailles with open arms.

Soon afterwards the Comte brought a final and all-powerful enemy against himself. Saint-Germain

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SHORT SHORT STORY

Smith was a simple fellow who might have lived happily ever after if he hadn't been too inquisitive

LITTLE MR. SMITH

BY DAVID CONWAY
ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR SPENCELEY

"The Killer was at Wapping last night," he'd say. "Got away with twelve thousand pounds' worth of furs from a steamer, Night-watchman tied-up, gagged, blindfolded—"

"WELL, Jim," said the constable to me, "the Killer has lived up to his name this time."

"Sure," I nodded, and looked down at what they were shovelling into the sack. I bet the only famous thing Mr. Smith ever did was getting himself cut up into six pieces and slung in a corner of the slaughter-house."

"Looks like his middle name was Butch," went on the constable, joking, "so I'd best take you along for doing it. You'd make a good Killer in the dock, Jim; big hefty chap like you."

I didn't like the way he was putting me and the Killer side by side, sort of comparing us. "You don't know how big he is," I argued, "nobody's ever seen him—except *him*"—and I jerked my thumb at the sack.

After they cleared up the mess and sent it off in a van to the mortuary, the Inspector came up to me.

"Now, Jim," he said, "tell us what you know about it."

"There isn't much I know," I answered, thinking hard. "I came here at half-past five this morning, and there was that lot of raw meat all heaped up in the corner."

"Where was the card?"

Now the Killer had been going about scaring the city with his big robberies for a long time, and he always left a visiting-card labelled "Killer" behind him; although up till now he'd never done anything worse than tie up and gag anybody he found hanging about where they weren't wanted. It was a bit of a puzzle to the police, why he called himself Killer and never killed. That was what the constable meant about him living up to his name this time.

"The card was on top of the bits."

"And the cleaver?" went on the Inspector.

It was my cleaver. I worked in the butcher's shop in front. It was my job as butcher's assistant to be in that slaughter-house every day. I used the cleaver pretty often.

"Oh, it was here on the tiles," I said, pointing.

"Did you touch it," he asked next, "when you found the body?"

"Gosh, yes. I picked it up"—I'd have been a sap to say no. My finger-prints must have been all over the handle.

The Inspector shook his head.

"You shouldn't have touched it," he said, slowly. "You may have destroyed the prints of the Killer's hands."

I didn't think that was likely.

Mr. Smith was a quiet, modest little fellow. A clerk, I supposed, working in some dusty little office for about the same pay day in and day out for twenty years or so. That's what he looked like. The kind that spent Saturday afternoon clipping the front lawn, and went regularly to chapel on Sundays.

Mind you, there wasn't a lot I definitely knew about him. Didn't know, for instance, if he was married, till the morning he was found, when they fetched his widow to identify the bits. Pity he should have been the one to chance in on the Killer at the wrong time. I was sorry about him having a wife and kids, too.

I just knew him in a half-and-half sort of way. Used to come in the shop three or four times a week for a couple of chops or some pig's kidneys or half a pound of liver. Bit henpecked, you might say; I'll lay twenty to one he had never been inside a pub, or put a bob on a horse in his life.

About the same time I started my job in the butcher's, the papers came out with reports of big thefts by someone who called himself "Killer." Pretty soon everybody was talking about Killer. Along with the rest of our customers Mr. Smith would discuss all the latest about him.

I can see him now: "Someone's making a lot of money out of all these robberies," he would say. "The police ought to put a stop to it."

He said the same sort of thing every time the Killer cropped up. Simple little fellow; too many pork chops I guess, not enough Porterhouses.

In a couple of years almost everybody in the City with any valuable property lying about had had a visit from Killer. Next thing he took to the suburbs and outlying districts.

There was a lot of money spent on door-bolts and night-watchmen and watch-dogs and things; but the Killer always got where he wanted to.

The police still couldn't understand why he called himself Killer. Wherever he went, whether it was a duchess's bedroom or a warehouse by the river-side, no one was ever killed! Servants, night-watchmen, even policemen, were found tied up and gagged, having been pitched on from behind; dogs were found doped or gassed but never poisoned. He did anything but kill. His name, people began to think, was just a threat to frighten them.

He always worked alone. He had a big advantage there over other crooks. Of course he used his fences, to get rid of the stuff; but no on eever knew, beforehand, when or where he was going to pull off a job.

Another point is that although Killer got about so often, he was never actually seen, not even for a few seconds. He always made sure to see the other person first. Perhaps if somebody *did* see him. . . .

Mr. Smith took quite an interest in Killer's exploits.

"I see the Killer was at Wapping last night," he'd say, pointing to the paper in his hand. "Got away with twelve thousand pounds' worth of furs from a steamer."

"I was round about Wapping last night," I'd grin back at him. "Pretty foggy there I thought."

"That's right, the paper says it was foggy. Still I wonder the police can't do something about it. Funny *you* being at Wapping, Jim."

Couple of days' time after, and it was:

"I see the Killer was at Lord ———'s house near Richmond. Got away with nearly all his wife's jewels, valued at twenty thousand pounds——"

"Whew! much as that!" I whistled; that was news to me.

I reckoned it best not to pull his leg any more.

"The police have got a clue," Mr. Smith read out on another occasion, while I cut him up some calve's liver. "They say the Killer uses a red sports-car."

"He'll have a black saloon next time," I said straight away.

In he came about a week later, showing me the day's paper excited as a schoolboy.

"The police saw a black saloon car on the Canterbury Road near Keeling Court that the Killer robbed last night!"

"Did they hell," I laughed, wrapping up some chops in a bit of newspaper for him. "I guess I got second sight, Mr. Smith. D'you think the police would give me anything for putting 'em wise?"

"I should think they'd reward you if you were any help."

I'd never known a fellow, apart from a policeman or a detective, take such an interest in a crook, even such a famous one as Killer. Mr. Smith came in one day mighty breathless and confiding.

"They've set a trap for him," he whispered.

"Who has, for who?" I asked, a bit jumpy.

"The police have, for the Killer. Look!"

He showed me a little bit in the paper. A nice proper-sized report, not too suspicious, saying that so many thousand pounds' worth of stuff was lying in a ship—they gave the name of the ship—out in the river, and none too well guarded. It would be just the job for Killer.

"How do you know it's a trap?" I asked

"You see the name of the ship? That ship's empty—fitting out for Quebec to load furs. I know, I work in the owners' offices. We had a private call late last night from the police about putting in this notice."

"Then it's a trap," I said.

It happened I had to be taking a girl out the next couple of nights, or I would have been down around the river watching them catch Killer.

As it was I never heard that the police did anything about it. Mr. Smith said they didn't catch him.

The funny thing was that when the ship named really did come back loaded and lay up in the river, the Killer turned up and got away with all the furs worth having.

Mr. Smith was indignant. "The rascal will get his deserts one day," he said. "You can depend on that. They always end up by being too clever."

Which was the sort of thing I often thought myself.

Well the time came when I felt I needed a change from the butcher's shop. I had been hanging about with a girl for some while; and we could live pretty swell on what I had saved.

I gave my boss notice; and I only had a couple of days left, when one evening something I saw in the paper sent me off on my own again. I hated the idea of missing anything.

About midnight I was back and I sort of happened to pay a visit to the slaughter-house. There was an old disused loft above it where I stored a lot of my stuff.

I had just finished hacking open a bale, to make it up into smaller packages, when someone shoved open the street door.

It was little Mr. Smith.

DONKEYMAN'S WIDOW

The S.S. *Inchcliffe Castle* has returned to her London moorings, bringing with her the story of how Colin Glencannon saw that a widow got her mite. He was "flobbergasted" by the result

BY GUY GILPATRIC

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD OSMOND

ON a night some years ago, the tropical fireflies turned in early, leaving the job of lighting Java to a full and capable moon. At ten o'clock it rose, cool and dripping, from the sea off Banjuwangi; by eleven it was soaring over the row of volcanic peaks which jut like an albacore's fins from the island's backbone; and at midnight it was bathing the city of Samarang in the same soft blue that pervades a submarine noon.

The visibility was astounding. You could pick out every window of the neat Dutch houses in the hilly suburbs, every tree where the suburbs dwindled to country and the hills grew into mountains. By lunar magic, the granite tower on the harbour breakwater was made to glow as brightly as the beacon which crowned it, while on the stern of the ship moored nearest in the roadstead you could even distinguish two rows of white letters which spelled

INCHCLIFFE CASTLE
LONDON

This vessel had her hatches off to air her empty holds, and out of her dank interior poured a medley of smells which clung to the surrounding water in a most discouraging aura. Upon her lower bridge, garbed for the climate in bright batik sarongs, her master, her chief engineer and her wireless operator sat gasping the miasmas of many long-forgotten cargoes and scowling at the moon in silence broken only by occasional bouts of bickering among themselves.

"Ah, foosh!" snorted the engineer, scratching a match on the rust-pitted deck and applying it to the soggy heel that festered in the midden of his pipe. "I must confess I find the effluvium vurra depressing. At feerst I thocht it was the tidal mud; then I suspected that a dead buffalo's ower-ripe cadaver had drifted oot to pay us a visit; but noo, Muster Levy, I recognise it as unmistakably and characteristically you."

"Wot?—Me? Oh, blyme, Mister Glencannon, 'ow can yer say such a thing?" protested Sparks, a callow, sallow youth, upon whom nature had bestowed a lavish meed of nose, ears, and pimples. "You know as well as I do it's the ruddy ship which . . ."

"Eh? Ship? Heh? Now, just you hold on a minute!" blustered Captain Ball. "Why, I mean to say, if you mean to say that my ship smells frowsty, you can get to hell off it and go pounding your silly key aboard some Greek or Portugee, and inhale 'em to your heart's contanph, contemph, content, ker-hem! No, Mister Levy, no! Whether I'm carrying beef bones, wet hides, phosphates or what-have-you, my ship's holds are sweet as a knot, and I'll thank you please to remember it. The only sole reason I ordered the hatches open is to dry 'em out, on account of them 800 tons of tapioca we start loading in the morning."

"—Topioca?—Braugh, how revolting!" shuddered Mr. Glencannon, striving politely, but inadequately, to muffle a seismic belch. "Och, the thocht o' e'en a spoonful o' topioca is enough to mak my innards crawl and cringe. But—eight hoonderd tons o' it! Och!" From the shadow of his chair he produced a bottle containing a well-known sedative and gulped rather more than the prescribed dose of it.

"Well, now, just what's the matter with tapioca, heh, please answer me that?" Captain Ball challenged testily. "Why, when tapioca's properly boiled, like Missus B always boils it, each little lump puffs up nice and plump and slimey, like a drowned kitten's eye; it's practically little or no trouble to mashticate, and besides . . ."

He was interrupted by a burst of maudlin song from across the moonlit waters:—

"'Whin upon yer port soide's seen
'A steamer's starboard loight o' green
'There's nary a thing for ye to do
'For green to port keeps clear o' you.'"

"Listen!" exclaimed Mr. Levy, brightly. "Why, it sounds to me like the donkeyman!"

"No, really? The Captain and I were under the impression it was the Westminster chimes," grunted Mr. Glencannon, peering over the rail at a figure teetering in the bow of a *prahu* just sliding into the *Inchcliffe Castle's* shadow. "Aye, it's Tom O'Halloran, richt enough; I gave him pairmission to go ashore to post a letter to his wife, but he appears to have contracted an acute attack o' the Javanese jeebies."

"Well, I 'ope 'e wasn't stricken before 'e bought a 'arf-dozen of them little 2-volt flarshlight bulbs and a spool of Number One hinsulated copper wire," snickered Mr. Levy, still trying to shoo the conversation away from himself. "Yer see, 'e arsked me to 'elp 'im wire up that scale model of the ship 'e's been building, but . . ."

The *prahu* scraped against the foot of the *Inchcliffe's* ladder, and after a profane and stumbling interval its passenger appeared on deck, singing lustily:

"'Whin both loights ye see ahead,
'Port yer helm and show yer red;
'Green to green—red to red,
'Purfick safety—go ahead!'"

Suiting his action to the song, he lurched towards the firemen's quarters, bumping into things as he went.

"Lawks, look at 'im!" chuckled Mr. Levy, patronisingly, "I'll just bet five quid 'e never makes the fo'c's'le!"

"Done!" Mr. Glencannon snapped him up. "Captain, sir! Will ye please bear witness that he said 'never?' 'Never' is a dangerous word, Muster Levy! Haw, ye gowk, ye've as guid as lost yere five quid already, and may it teach ye to phrase yere wagers more meeticulously!"

Just then, through a slight error in navigation, Tom O'Halloran mistook the open No. 1 hatch for the fo'c's'le doorway. From the hatch coaming to the bottom of the hold was a drop of 34 feet 5 inches. He was still singing when he hit.

The port doctor, who had come out in the police boat with the *Commissaris van Politie*, was writing the death certificate; "Thomas O'Hallorna; *van Britsche nationaliteit*; *van beroep donkeyman. Overleden*; *doodsoorzaak, een gebroken nek* . . ."

"Ah, precisely, a gebroken neck!" grumbled Captain Ball. "Well, gerhumpf, I mean to say, he had no gebusiness to go gefalling down there in the gefirst place!"

The police officer shrugged and tore a page out of his notebook. "Here's a list of what he had in his pockets: we've searched him thoroughly and ransacked all his duffle. But to-morrow, Captain, you'll have to get the British consul to make a complete official inventory of the poor chap's belongings and have him send them under seal to the widow in London."

"Ah, yes, yes; don't I know it?" sighed Captain Ball, mopping his brow with the tail of his sarong. "I s'pose there'll be forms in dublicate, forms in trublicate and forms in I-don't-know-what-the-

(*please turn over*)

hellicate to fill out, before this mess is settled. Oh, I tell you, gentlemen, things have come to a pretty pass, when a British seaman's neck ain't equal to a mere little tumble like what this fellow took! Faugh! Why, in my time, by gad, we used to fall farther than that for the sheer sport of it, and that's why the Empire is where she is to-day!"

"Ah, indeed?" murmured the *Commissaris*, politely. "*Nou, Doctor, laten we maar aan wal gaan en er een gaan pakken.* We bid you all a very good-night, gentlemen!"

As Mr. Glencannon stood at the rail watching the Dutch officials descend the ladder, he was joined by Mr. Levy. Sparks was smiling unctuously and rubbing his thin, pale hands.

"Weel, what are ye smirking aboot?" the engineer demanded. "Dinna ye ken that this is a vurra solemn occasion?"

"Solemn fer you, per'aps!" conceded Mr. Levy, nudging him slyly. "Don't ferget, Old Walrus, that you owe me five pounds!"

Mr. Glencannon wheeled upon him horrified. "What?" he croaked, "what? Oh, ye vompire, ye ghoul! Try to collect a bet on a dead mon, wud ye? Weel, I give ye notice here and noo that I'll never pay ye! Never!"

After her call at Samarang, the *Inchcliffe Castle* picked up a consignment of rubber at Batavia, and then turned her blunt snout into the west for London and home. The long weeks of the passage were marred by an increasing bitterness between the wireless operator and the chief engineer, Mr. Levy stigmatising Mr. Glencannon as a welsher devoid of all honour and Mr. Glencannon counter-charging Sparks with attempting to steal the pennies off a dead man's eyes. Mr. Levy, his mind razor-keen for all figures save those of speech, hotly denied ever attempting to steal anything less than a shilling in his life and demanded to know wot the 'ell pennies had to do with the five pounds Mr. Glencannon owed him. He appealed for justice to Captain Ball, who reluctantly agreed to take the matter under advisement. But it was not until they were well into the Thames Estuary, the pilot on board and the smoke pall of London looming ahead, that the skipper handed down his decision.

"I have, ker-hem, have given this question much profound thought," he announced, pontifically. "While I wish to have it clearly on record that I do not approve of gamboleering on this here ship in any way, shape, form, or manner, especially when it's a question of a dead man, the dead being sacred, even though the late defunct was drunk as a parson at the time of his untimely taking off, and while of course, secondly, that doesn't affect the question at issue in any way, shape, form, or manner, still, thirdly—er—er, hell! . . . Oh, yes! You were asking me about that bet! Well, as I see it, Mister Levy certainly offered to bet that O'Halloran would never get to the fo'c'sle. Mister Glencannon certainly accepted the wager. O'Halloran never got there. Well, Mister Levy, I'm very much afraid that you're the winner."

"Ah, swith!" cried the engineer. "I'm the victim o' a technicality! O' coorse he ne'er got to the fo'c'sle—how cud he, when he fell into the hold on the way? As a strict Presbyterian, I didna want to wager in the feerst place, but if I'd dreamed I was betting with a flint-hearted Shylock who was oot to swindle me with a cheap play on words, I'd have hoisted up the corpse with a derrick sling, dragged it into the fo'c'sle and won the money mysel'!"

"Yes, yes; capital plan! But as it is—well, you've got to fork over five quid to Mister Levy."

Mr. Glencannon counted out the money with the air of a man peeling adhesive plaster from the more sensitive areas of his anatomy. "Here, ye necrophile!" he invited, sepulchrally. "Tak yere pennies from a dead mon's eyes and may ye sleep with yere conscience—if ye can!"

But strangely enough, as, on that first night home from the sea, the *Inchcliffe Castle* lay in the Limehouse Commercial Docks, Sparks and his conscience continued to be most congenial bedfellows, while the engineer tossed and turned and cursed and groaned, feverish and wide-eyed. For, although Mr. Glencannon prided himself on being a good loser, and often modestly dragged in references to his sterling sportsmanship in the course of conversation, it applied only within reasonable limits. Any loss exceeding sixpence ruined his temper, destroyed his appetite, upset his liver, brought spots before his eyes, plunged him into black melancholia and crowded his brain with a multiplicity of schemes for murdering the winner and stealing back the stakes. Also, as a matter of course, it gave him a prodigious thirst. It was this fact and its attendant complications which now interfered with his slumbers.

"Hame again!" he moaned, plaintively, in the darkness. "Hame in London, after dreary weeks at sea with nary a drap to drink! Hame in a vurritable paradise o' pubs—and me with a monumental theerst and less than a quid to slake it! A-weel!" he shook his fists in futile rage, "may those five pounds scorch a hole in his soul and may a tree grow oot o' his back!"

Next morning, gaunt and shaky, he worked for hours camouflaging certain swindles in his coal account and in the afternoon descended to the engine room, where by the light of sooty oil flares he drew up a list of necessary repairs and refitments. It was not until dusk that he was free to peel off his overalls and emerge upon deck for a breath of rainy London air.

"Ah, losh!" he sighed, gazing up at the lowering sky against which were silhouetted the warehouses, chimney-pots and gas works of Limehouse. "How happy I ocht to feel to-night, to be back in a cauld climate—a white mon's climate—a—a whisky climate!" Suddenly, across the river on the Rotherhithe side, a great electric sign blazed forth its message of solace to mankind. As Mr. Glencannon read it, his voice was hushed with awe and a wave of nostalgia swept over him. "DUGGAN'S . . . DEW . . . OF . . . KIRKINTILLOCH . . . DUGGAN'S . . . DEW . . . OF . . ." He plunged his hand into his pocket and fished up a palmful of coins. "Twelve—foorteen—fufteen sheelings, thrup-pence, ha'penny," he counted, huskily. "Ah, mockery! 'Tis barely enough for a guid start—and a start withoot a follow-up is only a bitter oggravation!"

DUGGAN'S . . . DEW . . . OF . . . KIRKINTILLOCH, the sign repeated in letters of fire; then the letters vanished, and their place in the firmament was occupied by a mammoth bottle. Even as Mr.

Glencannon watched it, spellbound, the bottle tilted itself tantalisingly in his own, personal direction and gushed an amber cascade of Highland nectar that would have floated the *Inchcliffe Castle*. It was the last straw!

With a hoarse cry, he swarmed up the ladder and dashed along the upper deck to the wireless room. Pausing only to don a set of brass knuckles, he flung wide the door and hurled himself within. "Ghoul!" he shouted. "Body-snatcher! Give me back my five poonds, or—or . . ." To his vast disappointment, Mr. Levy was nowhere in sight; in fact, from the mingled aromas of shaving soap, hair oil and shoe polish that pervaded the room, it was obvious that he had recently betaken himself ashore. More crestfallen than ever, Mr. Glencannon was about to quit the premises when on the shelf beneath the porthole he saw that which gave him pause. It was the model of a ship—the miniature counterpart of the S.S. *Inchcliffe Castle*.

"Ah, swith—tis puir Tom O'Halloran's!" he exclaimed. "—The Widow O'Halloran's, rather; for it shud have been sent hame to her from Samarang. Why, yon scut o' a Levy hasn't a micht o' richt to keep it!" He switched on his flashlight and examined the little ship closely. It was, he saw, some four feet long, built accurately to scale and apparently complete to the most minute detail of gadget, gear and fitting.

"A braw neat job!" he muttered, admiringly. "It's worth ten quid if it's worth a bross bawbee. I dinna doot the widow can sell it and. . . . Sell it? Sell it? But how cud she sell it? Why, I'll tak it ashore the noo, mak a roond o' the pubs and sell it for her mysel'! 'Twill be an act o' Christian chority to which I'll most generously contribute my talents and my time. My only charge, o' coorse, will be for my expenses, plus a numinal sairvice fee and the usual commission."

He found the model heavy and awkward to handle, particularly as the jigger stay between its masts prevented him from carrying it under his arm. After a certain amount of manœuvring he negotiated the doorway and then, holding his burden crosswise in front of him like a scullion bearing a roast pig on a platter, he proceeded down the gangplank and into the rain-swept highways and byways of Limehouse. His forward vision was obscured by the model's superstructure, but trusting his instinct to guide his footsteps, he soon found himself in a crowded bar room. Unfortunately, as he saw when he took his nose out of his glass, the establishment catered only for seafaring folk who, though they gathered round to admire the model, were poor prospects for its sale.

"Aye, gentlemen," Mr. Glencannon explained solemnly. "'Tis the sole leegacy o' one o' our dead colleagues to his puir be-widowed widow. I wish I'd the money to buy it from her mysel', but as it is ——" he shrugged. "Weel, I've swallowed my pride, and in sweet chority's name I'm hawking it from one pub to the next, in order that dear Tom O'Halloran's sweet young widow may not know the bitter pangs o' want."

"Eh?" A venerable white-whiskered gentleman

"There!" said Mr. Glencannon, a catch in his voice. "There's the proof o' how Tom had friends on all seven o' the seven seas. But a loss for his little blonde widow"

who had been slumbering under a settee in the corner, lurched abruptly to his feet. "O'Halloran, you say, sir? Not—surely not Tom O'Halloran? Ah, lads!" he harangued the company in a fine pulpit quaver, "Tom—Tom O'Halloran! He was my pal!" Hiccuping something about the glorious day of resurrection when the sea shall give up its dead, he wilted to the floor, pillowed his head on a cuspidor and gave vent to hollow sobs.

"There!" said Mr. Glencannon, a catch in his voice. "There's the proof o' how Tom had friends on all seven o' the seven seas! But a loss for his little blonde widow, all his friends are puir sailormen, like you——" he bowed to the assembly, "lik mysel' and lik yon ancient oxygenarian whaling captain there. For if I canna sell this model, o' what avail is all our friendship, and what's to become o' her?" He picked up his glass, saw it was empty, shed a tear into it, and set it back on the bar. The barmaid, whose heart and mascara were melting, hastened to replenish it.

"There—that drink is on the 'ouse, sir," the publican assured him, feelingly. "And wot's more, I'd—I'd like to contribute ten shillings for the benefit of the poor chap's widow."

"Spoke like a man! That's the spirit!" applauded one of the guests. "'Ere's five bob to join it. But wait—I'll just pass the 'at and take up a collection!"

Mr. Glencannon stood as one stunned, viewing the proceedings and listening to the clink of coins. The collection, as far as he could estimate as he pocketed it, exceeded three pounds, not including the more obvious counterfeits. So great was his emotion that he was able only to stammer his thanks. He gulped his drink and was about to depart elsewhere on his mission of mercy when he was smitten by an inspiration. Going over to the ancient mariner, who was still weeping in the corner, "Come!" he whispered, shaking him. "I'll tak ye aroond to see the widow!"

"Widow?" The other's bleariness was dispelled by a faunlike leer, "Widow?" He sprang to his feet with surprising alacrity and followed Mr. Glencannon into the street. Once there, however, he suffered a relapse, leaned against a hydrant and burst into tears again.

"Ah, noo, noo!" Mr. Glencannon urged him. "Pull yersel' together, Captain, and save yere sobs till we need them! I've a vurra neat little scheme by which we can aid O'Halloran's widow and at the same time mak a tidy profit for oursel's."

"Profit?" queried the ancient mariner, drying his eyes with his beard and then dusting off his hat with it. "Pray explain yourself, my dear Lady Rutherford!"

"Great swith!" snorted Mr. Glencannon, kicking him in the shins exasperatedly. "Will ye please try to concentrate, ye dissolute auld whale-butcher? Ye will? Guid? Weel, then, I've no doot ye obsairved that back there in yon boozing den, it was yere ain vurra dramatic display o' grief that set the tide o' sympathy flowing. If it worked there, can ye tell me why it willna work elsewhere?"

"I'll bite. Why?" demanded the ancient one, vacantly. "Oh, by the way—who's this Hal O'Tommeran everybody's talking about these days?"

"Ah, foosh, sir!" Mr. Glencannon chided him. "Tom O'Halloran was yere auld shipmate, yere ain dear pal! Ye said so yersel'!"

"No, did I?" demanded the other, chuckling mischievously in his whiskers. "Fancy that! I suppose I must've been having one of my spells, like. I never heard of O'Halloran in my life. By the way, Mister O'Halloran, my name's Lionel Futter. I'm a theatrical scene shifter, when there's any theatrical scene shifting to be shifted, which this here lousy season there ain't."

"Ah, dearie me!" groaned Mr. Glencannon, "I'm dizzy! I'm confused! I'm flobbergasted! But—weel, I suppose it mak's no difference in the working o' the scheme. Listen! All ye've got to do is precede me into the next pub and order a drink. In aboot ten minutes, I'll happen in and tell the sad tale o' the donkeyman's widow. When I say the name 'O'Halloran,' 'twill be yere cue to let yere great grief get the better o' ye. They'll probably tak up a collection spuntaneously, but if they dinna, we can easily talk them into it. At the end o' the evening we'll divide fifty-fifty and turn ower the balance to the widow."

"Sure, fine!" agreed Mr. Futter. "O'Halloran! O'Halloran! O'Halloran! Lead the way, Miss Purdy; I'm just rehearsin' my part."

Mr. Glencannon was awakened by bright, rain-washed sunshine pouring into his room on the *Inchcliffe Castle*. He was troubled by a slight headache, which he could only ascribe to some fine print he had read on a label the week before and was vaguely disturbed by his inability to recall the night's events in detail. Even a quarter-hour's drowsy mental probing failed to fill in all the gaps.

"Ah, weel!" he consoled himself, sliding out of his bunk and pouring a tumblerful of what might have been a gargle if it hadn't been whisky, "what matter the details, when the main fact remains?" The main fact consisted of £14 16s. 6d. piled on the dresser; as nearly as he could remember, £8 of it had been paid for the model by a pub keeper in parts unknown, while the remainder had been raised by popular subscription in a blurry succession of bars. For a moment he wondered how he had avoided paying Mr. Futter his share; then he remembered that at one time in the evening they had tired of lugging the model from pub to pub and endeavoured to float it down the rushing torrent of a gutter; the model refusing to float, the ancient mariner had plunged in to retrieve it and run hopelessly aground. The last Mr. Glencannon had seen of him, he was lying gripped by the suction of a sewer grating, his white beard whirling round his neck in the mad vortex of the maelstrom.

"Weel, I'll have a tidy little sum for the widow, e'en when I deduct for my expenses," mused Mr. Glencannon, scrubbing his teeth. "O' coorse, strictly speaking, the expenses were negligible, but I canna blame her for that."

As he shaved, he was wondering just how much he would be justified in charging. Five pounds appealed to him as a fair figure, but—"Oh, why o' coorse!" he reminded himself, "I must no' forget the five pounds I was already oot! If it hadna been for her husband's inexcusable awkwardness in bloondering into the hold, I'd ne'er have lost the bet. Plainly, then, 'tis chargeable to his estate."

But as he put on his necktie, he reflected that even £10 deducted from £14 16s. 6d. still left a comfortable balance. "Weel, noo, I wonder!" he addressed his image in the mirror, "I wonder whether, after all, 'twere fitting to go polluting her preecious meemories o' him with sordid thochts o' finonce? 'Twud it no' be kinder, sweeter and ten times more geenerous to say nothing aboot money at all and merely convey to her his last words?"

The longer he mulled it the better did this solution seem, so he devoted the greater part of the day to composing a suitable oration *in extremis*. This embraced a wide range of subjects and concluded with a clarion warning against the perils of tapioca to the men of the British Mercantile Marine; but as he read it over, finding it not without merit, he suddenly bethought himself of Mr. Levy. Although the wireless operator had not returned aboard, Mr. Glencannon realised that when he did so and found the model missing, he was certain to wax exceedingly wrath; indeed, he was even capable of running to Mrs. O'Halloran with scandal, slur and slander. The engineer decided to forestall him by visiting the widow at once and establishing his own probity and good will beyond all possible cavil. Thus, as soon as he had finished his tea, he hurried ashore, and threading his way through narrow Limehouse streets in which cats averaged three to the garbage pail, arrived at the O'Halloran residence.

(*please turn to page* 17)

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"H'm, vurra neat!" mused Mr. Glencannon, thumping on the door with a polished brass knocker which he recognised as the handle of a bridge telegraph which had disappeared from the *Inchcliffe Castle* some months previously. "Aye, and aside from the neatness, it's a guid bit more lavish than ye'd expect on the meagre pay o' a donkeymon. If I had a suspicious nature, I'd be inclined to . . ."

The door opened and revealed the largest quantity of woman that Mr. Glencannon had ever seen in one place at one time. This mountainous specimen placed her arms akimbo and surveyed him with marked disfavour. "Go 'way!" she ordered, giving off dense vapours of gin. "Wotever yer selling, I don't want none!"

"Ah, my dear muddum!" Mr. Glencannon doffed his cap and bowed. "I dinna come to sell ye anything, but to give ye something. Ye see, I . . ."

"No, I won't haccept none o' yer rotten free sample brushes, neither!" snapped Mrs. O'Halloran, sidling from the door some forty inches, in order that she might slam it without bruising her hip.

"But muddum, please! I'm Muster Glencannon, chief engineer o' the *Inchcliffe Castle*—yere dear deceased dead husband's superior officer . . ."

"Mister Glencannon?" The mountain gasped, giggled coyly, and erupted another Vesuvian waft of gin, "—not Mister Colin Glencannon, wot poor Tom orlways hadmired and talked about so much? Well, good lawks, come in, come in, sir, and may 'eaven forgive me for mistyking yer fer a ruddy 'ouse to 'ouse mop-and-mouse-trap-monger!"

He followed her into a sitting-room furnished with red plush chairs of the size and style commonly used by performing elephants in the higher income brackets and safely boarded one while she filled two beer mugs with a colourless liquid which she poured from gin bottles. "I farncy yer've come to tell me about poor Tom," she said, adjusting her southern hemisphere to the chair opposite him. "Of course, Clifford & Castle's horffice give me the sad news when it 'appened, but they didn't 'ave none of the detyles. Was 'is poor corpus badly mucked up?"

"I'm ha-hapf-happy to assure ye that it wasn't," gagged Mr. Glencannon, glancing about him for a fire extinguisher and then at the nearest gin bottle to make sure it wasn't brass polish. "He appeared like a mon who's gone peacefully to sleep, except, o' coorse, that he was looking rather fixedly ower his left shoulder."

"Ah, yes—cautious to the very end! My Tom was never one to let nobody sneak up on 'im from be'ind—no, not 'im, Mister Glencannon! 'E was a smart lad and a good provider!" She sighed and gazed appraisingly at the room round her. "This 'ere little 'ouse is orl paid up for; I don't owe a ruddy penny on it, even for the three more gages," she explained, proudly.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Glencannon. "Pairhops ye'll pairdon me for wondering just how he monaged it on his wage o' nine poonds a month?"

"Oh, that!" simpered Mrs. O'Halloran, hoisting up approximately a shovelful of her left cheek to produce the effect of a wink and at the same time playfully stamping on his foot, "Lawks, Mister Glencannon, I hexpect I don't 'ave to hexplain to a canny Scotch gempman like you that Tom 'ad lots of irons in the fire! 'E was in with a good, slippery crowd, Tom was, and almost every port 'e visited, 'e'd manage to pull orff a little deal of some kind. Er——" she hesitated.

Mr. Glencannon shifted in his chair. "A-weel," he said, "if ye find yersel' finoncially embarrassed, I micht arrange to advonce ye a poond or two to tide ye ower, although . . ."

"Oh, 'eaven bless yer, no, it ain't nec's'ry!" she assured him. "As a matter of fack, Sir John Castle and Mister 'Azlitt 'as offered me the position as chief charlady in the company's horffices any time I care to haccept it. No, it—it ain't that." She refilled the mugs and took a thoughtful snifter from her own. "D'yer know," she said, musingly, "Tom orlways wished 'e could 'ave you in on some of 'is little deals, Mister Glencannon. 'The Chief's a smart one, Veronica,' 'e used to say to me time and again. 'There's no flies on Mister Glencannon! If 'e was only a little more honest, wot a partner 'e'd make!'"

"Ah, noo!" protested Mr. Glencannon, wounded to the quick. "I think I can almost truthfully say that in all my lang career, I've ne'er been detected in a single shady act!"

"That was hexackly Tom's point!" Mrs. O'Halloran conceded. "Still, if 'e'd only declared you in on that there Samarang deal, I'm sure everything'd 'ave turned out all right."

"Samarang deal?"

"Yus," said Mrs. O'Halloran, confidentially. "Now, I wouldn't breathe a word of this to another soul, but as long as it's fell through there's no 'arm telling yer that Tom and the boys 'oped to pull off a very 'andsome profit on a pair of precious stones. Hemeralds and roobies, I believe they was—anyway, one of the parties Tom was in touch with 'ere in London 'ad a friend out in Java 'oo 'ad come by these stones one way or another. But the Dutch police and orl their narks was 'unting for 'em 'igh and low, and the poor chap didn't know 'ow to get rid of 'em. Well, it was orl arranged for this cove to meet Tom at wotever port in Java the *Hinchcliffe Castle* might call at, and Tom would do the rest."

"Ye mean he'd tak the jewels and smoogle them into England!"

"Hexackly! But though we've been orl over Tom's stuff, which the consul sent 'ome with a fine, tooth comb, cutting open the linings of the clothes and I don't know wot orl, there ain't a single sign of a jewel in it."

"A-weel," murmured Mr. Glencannon, fearing that the gin had melted his bridge work and taking another sip to wash it down. "The police and the consul made thorough sairches at the time, so I venture to suggest that yer husband ne'er got in touch with the proper party."

"Ah, but we know 'e did!" said Mrs. O'Halloran. "'Ere, 'ere's a letter 'e posted to me on the very day 'e was so crooly took orff."

> "Dear Veronica,—I hope you are not bak on the drink and wats more if I heer tork about you carrying on with any man when I get bak I will nok his dam blok orff and yors 2 well we are now at Samrang Java it is a stinking hole but everything is orl fixt up you no wat I mean so it will be cleer sailing home green to green and red to red purfick safety go ahed like it says in the old sea song.
>
> "Yours very truly,
> THOMAS ROBERT EMMET O'HALLORAN."

As Mr. Glencannon read the letter a second time, he could feel his heart pounding. "Mussis O'Halloran," he said hoarsely, setting down his mug, rising to his feet and moving towards the door, "it's possible, as ye say, that yere husband octually had the stones in his possession when he wrote this letter. But it's obvious, aloss, that the wages o' sin is death. So noo, mum, I'll leave ye alone with yere grief, merely reminding ye that yere husband's trogic end is one more proof o' that wise auld provairb, 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

Once in the street he set off at a rapid pace made slightly erratic by the benzol content of the gin. "Rubies!" he muttered. "Emeralds! 'Green to green—red to red'—why, he was e'en singing it, that nicht when he came back aboord! They're the port and starboard lichts o' the model, plain as day! I must buy it back from yon pub keeper at any cost and—and . . ." He halted dead in his tracks and clapped his hand to his brow. "Foosh!" he gasped. "Why, dommed if I've e'en the faintest reecollection o' where I sold it!"

Still vainly cudgelling his brain, he entered a bar and called for a stimulant. This served the double purpose of soothing his gin-lacerated larynx and giving him an idea. "Why o' coorse!" he exclaimed. "Psychology! Occultism! If, as they say, a somnambulist or a person in a tronce will always cover the same ground a seecond time, why will it no work in the present instance? If I drink as much the noo as I drank last nicht and then simply turn mysel' loose to wander as my occult instinct direct, I'll return to the vurra place I sold it! Ho, Muss ——" he signalled the barmaid. "A dooble o' the same, please, and then keep on pouring them till ye see I'm properly psychic!"

It was a peculiarly occult evening and Mr. Glencannon, questing from pub to pub through the dark and misty streets of Limehouse, became increasingly aware of super-cosmic forces sloshing round within him. He saw whole squadrons of flaming whisky bottles suspended in the sky, looping and swooping, tilting and gushing above the oily black bosom of the river. At times he felt that his spirit had quitted his body and was soaring freely in the outer spaces; at others, he was conscious that a brass-knuckled fist, strangely like his own, was successfully combating the hostile vibrations of poor outcast souls who babbled about a widow's fund and accused him of misappropriating it for drink. He saw faces vaguely familiar, as from some previous incarnation; but when he winked at them jovially and inquired if they'd heard the one about the donkeyman's widow, he found himself tongue-tied and unable to go on with the story. He even felt a tantalising, dream-like doubt that there was such a story.

Once, wondering what ailed his tobacco, he was surprised to find his pipe stuffed with sizzling white whiskers, a few of which were still attached to epidermic morsels of somebody's chin. "Strange! Strange!" he muttered. "I'd say it was a sign from my father's ghost, except that the dom auld rip had a red mustache and wudna reecognise me anyway! If I'd e'er heard o' a mon named Lionel Futter, I'd say they belanged to a mon named Lionel Futter, but I ne'er heard o' a mon named Lionel Futter, so dinna be ridiculous. Who's ridiculous? Why, blost yere impairtenance, I am, sir; in fact, I reecognised ye the moment I set foot in the place! I've been sairching aboot for ye all evening, and noo that ye've found me I'll be so kind as to ask ye please to accept these twelve poonds and give me back my ship model."

Through the hazes of infinite distance he saw himself pay over the money and have a drink on the house; then, personally and triumphantly bearing the model before him, he fared forth into the night, his voice raised in song:

> "Red to green and green to red
> Red to green to red to red and so forth and so on."

"Haw, it's lik the Jewel Song from *Frowst* or any o' those Eyetalian operas!" he exulted as he boarded the *Inchcliffe Castle* and lurched to his room. He set the model on the dresser and considered it gloatingly. "Noo for the red port licht, which will certainly be the ruby, and then for the green emerald to starboard. I . . . er . . . ah, horrors!"

For he saw that the model had no port and starboard lights, and in that instant realised that she'd never had them! From the dim depths of his memory came a voice—Mr. Levy's voice—as he'd heard it that moonlit night in Samarang. "I 'ope 'e bought them little 2-volt flashlight bulbs," Mr. Levy was saying. " . . . 'e arsked me to wire up that model of the ship 'e's been building. . . ."

His hands trembling as with palsy, Mr. Glencannon explored the model from stem to stern, from masthead to keel. He tapped its solid portions with his knife, explored its ventilators and funnel with his finger, and shone his torch-beam into its tiny doors and portholes. But—the stones were not there. His twelve pounds were lost, forever!

Snatching up a bottle which might have contained whisky, and did, he drained a good quarter of it; then, seizing the model, he kicked open the door and staggered towards the rail. At that very moment, the psychological strain under which he had been labouring proved too much, and he lapsed to the deck in one of the more advanced *yoga* states of spiritual disembodiment.

Some hours later Mr. Levy, returning aboard, found him snoring in the scupper, his back propped against the rail, the model crosswise in his lap.

"Ho, yer rotten thief!" fumed Sparks. "Steal a poor widder's model, would yer? Yus, and me planning to tyke it up to 'er 'ouse to-morrow! Well, I just got 'ere in time! Come, get up out of there, yer narsty Scotch grave robber, before yer catch yer death o' the new monia—though at that, I oughter leave yer 'ere to freeze!"

He dragged Mr. Glencannon across the deck, boosted him over the door sill and heaved him into his berth. "There!" he sneered. "There's the one 'oo called me a ruddy ghoul—the one 'oo said I'd steal the pennies orff a dead man's eyes! Well ——" he dug into his pocket and brought up a handful of change. He selected a couple of broad coppers and was about to lay them upon Mr. Glencannon's tight-shut orbs when he thought better of it. "No!" he chuckled. "Why waste even tuppence on a cove like you?" From amongst the coins in his palm he picked out two dark, glossy objects the size and shape of half-lumps of sugar. "'Ere's a present from the dead man 'imself—the bits of coloured glass to fit over the port and starboard lights, which poor Tom O'Halloran give me just before 'e went ashore that night!" He placed them on the engineer's eyelids, and with a final sneer, departed.

When the sound of his footfalls had died away in the distance, Mr. Glencannon stirred, smiled, and very slowly opened his eyes. For an instant he was blinded by red and green fires that sparkled, blazed, smouldered and then blazed again. He removed the two objects and held them up to the light. They glowed like magic coals in an alchemist's furnace.

"A-weel, ye little beauties!" he scolded them good-naturedly. "After the trouble and expense ye've caused me, tis too bad ye're no another twenty carats larger! But—ye'll do! Aye, ye'll do!" Tenderly, carefully, he tucked them under his pillow. Then he kicked off his shoes, ripped off his trousers, and dropped off to sleep, murmuring:

> "Green to green . . . Red to red . . .
> —Foosh to the world!
> I've . . . gone . . . to . . . bed."

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BY ISABEL ALDRIDGE

Anyone with a strong hand and a pair of pliers could extract teeth

THE girl whose eyesight has been strained by too much typing, would gape in astonishment at the suggestion that a visit to an optician is as adventurous a business as establishing a new flying record; and the hefty young man who needs spectacles, because he has been burning the midnight oil over his books, would most certainly regard you as a lunatic should you tell him that he is embarking on a perilous venture.

"The man's qualified to test eyes!" he would exclaim. "Look at the letters after his name!"

But if it came to a choice, I wonder whether he'd rather have an F.B.O.A., a Q.B.E., an F.S.M.C., or an M.O.R.F. test and prescribe for any defect in his eyesight. Most people would certainly not know what qualification each set of letters represented.

Opticians, as a whole, are reputable men who have studied the testing of eyes and passed examinations by authorised optical bodies. As the law stands at the moment, however, anyone can term himself a qualified optician. He can, if he likes, just hand himself out a degree, as in the case of the Q.B.E. and the M.O.R.F.

These degrees were adopted by men who thought it would be a wicked waste of time to spend years studying, when they could be taking money over a counter. They didn't, of course, just select random letters from the alphabet in a haphazard way. Their degrees meant something—Qualified by Experience and Member of the Royal Fusiliers. And both these bogus opticians tested the eyes and prescribed glasses for hundreds of people.

In the United Kingdom there are probably approximately eight thousand opticians. Out of this number about six thousand are men who have passed the examinations of the British Optical Association, the Spectacle Makers Company, or the National Association of Opticians. The remaining two thousand consist of chemist-opticians, jeweller-opticians, travelling spectacle salesmen, and self-styled opticians. And then there are the sixpenny stores where one can test one's own eyes and prescribe for oneself accordingly. So, taking it all round, wearing glasses seems to be quite a risky business.

It is amazing how many people feel quite capable of dealing with their own eye defects. I watched a girl the other day, gaily flitting from lens to lens, light-heartedly rejecting one because it was smeared with finger-marks, and choosing another that she felt cast less shadow under her eyes.

"Even though they're only for reading," she confided to her friend, "I don't want to look like an old granny."

So she took the glasses that harmonised best with her ash-blonde page-boy bob and mascara-fringed blue eyes.

Itinerant spectacle salesmen prey on the credulity of country folk who are unable to reach a town. They carry with them sight-testing apparatus of a sort.

I don't want to look like an old granny

It is sufficiently impressive, at any rate, to convince the farm labourer, or his wife, that the glasses he provides will give them back their failing vision. But bonâ fide opticians are not so sanguine.

Again the man in the street—in this case a rural lane—carefully dons his new spectacles to read his newspaper and is happy. He is entirely unaware of the finer shades of distinction between the bonâ fide and the bogus optician.

Both have a box of lenses, both say, "And what can you see *now*?" as they indicate a card with giant letters at the top and tantalisingly minute ones down below.

Opticians who are genuinely qualified, very naturally object strongly to all these people who set out to test eyes, without having the knowledge enabling them to link up simple and temporary physical discomforts (such as frontal headaches) with refraction. A refractionist does not merely have to know how to adjust the focusing power of the eye. He must be able to distinguish between normal eyes and those suffering from some pathological condition.

The professional man, on recognising symptoms pointing to a diseased condition of the eye, refuses to supply the patient with spectacles, and recommends a visit to an ophthalmic surgeon. But not so the man who is interested only in keeping up the level of his weekly takings. He has been asked to supply a pair of glasses. He supplies them.

Strangely enough, it is actually the true refractionist who suffers for the sins of his bogus brothers. The optician is not viewed with approval by the medical profession. Doctors declare that such a delicate organism as the eye should be treated only by those who have had medical training. They take opticians as a body—itinerants, chemists, jewellers and genuines—and class them all as non-professional men and thus incapable of recognising pathological conditions.

The opticians, naturally enough, bitterly resent this attitude, and have been working for years to have their professional status recognised. They are certain that if there were a register of all qualified opticians, the quack would soon have to seek another sphere for his activities.

Such, indeed, was the case when a register for dentists was approved by the Government. Before that time, anybody with a strong hand and a pair of pliers could extract teeth and prescribe anything he chose for any affection of the mouth and gums—providing, of course, he was lucky enough to notice it.

Opticians are only too anxious to prove to the medical men that their work does not encroach in any way on that of the busy general practitioner or of the ophthalmic surgeon. They point out that the testing of eyes is largely mechanical. In the big hospitals, as a matter of fact, it is often the nurse who takes the refraction. As long as the person who does the testing is qualified to recognise any abnormality, there is no need for specialised medical training. They feel, therefore, that the doctor with a busy practice does not welcome this additional work.

The ophthalmic surgeon, on the other hand, attends to cases with which the optician makes no pretence of being able to cope—the pathological and the surgical. It does not matter how far in the future the optician's education and training should be extended, his function will still be the science and application of optics, and not the curing or treating of diseases of the eyes. In these circumstances there seems little reason for the ophthalmic surgeons to feel antagonism towards their humbler relatives.

I went round the fine library and museum of the British Optical Association—one of the largest and most comprehensive optical libraries in the world. It contains every ancient and modern book published on optics.

In the museum I saw an old print dated 1610 entitled "The Spectacle Seller," representing a scene familiar to this day in rural England—the itinerant optician selling his wares to a cottager.

And I saw strangely modern-looking Chinese tortoiseshell spectacles, worn possibly by some high-born mandarin in the seventeenth century. Did he, I wondered idly, have his eyes tested by a Q.B.E. or an F.B.O.A.?

Probably the latter, I decided. No doubt they boiled quacks in oil in ancient China.

Still, Miss Smith and Mr. Brown can take heart. The Minister of Health is becoming aware of the menace of the self-styled optician.

A provisional regulation has been passed entitling qualified opticians to charge a fee for sight-testing, the first step to the recognition of their professional status.

I don't feel, somehow, that the Minister will boil the quacks in oil; but it would be quite satisfactory if he put them out of business.

If going up gets you down—

you need a

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He found himself stroking the silky, arched back. "I don't suppose you know any good dentists, huh, Calamity." Calamity purred

EXPENSES PAID

The erratic behaviour of Bob Terland, who rated tops as a salesman, even with four teeth missing, can best be explained only when you have met the president's daughter

BY VICKI BAUM

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE UPTTON

A RAMSHACKLE little car rattled to a stop in front of a lunch-bar in that elegant section of Los Angeles known, somewhat inelegantly, as the Bottleneck. A pleasant looking young man stepped out and crossed to a stool without so much as a glance at the second-hand cars for sale across the street, or the tumbled hills looming behind them; the dust-covered hunting grounds of real estate agents.

"Hi, Joe."

The man behind the counter grinned. "What'll it be, Mr. Terland?"

"Hamburger and milk. Hold on—make it two hamburgers. I skipped breakfast."

Joe said mildly, "You shouldn't work so hard. Be good to your insides and they'll be good to you, I always say." He pulled the round discs of meat from the ice box.

But Bob Terland paid no attention. He had taken a well-thumbed letter from his pocket and was reading it for the thousandth time.

Argus Vacuum Cleaner Co.,
Hickon City, Mich.

To all Branch Managers:

Encouraged by the outstanding success of last year's sales contest, the Board of Directors has decided to repeat the contest under the same conditions. Please inform your salesmen that prizes will be given for the best sales' records during the term beginning March 15 and ending April 15 incl.

To the salesman selling the most Argus cleaners in his territory, a prize of fifty dollars ($50) will be given.

To the salesman selling the most Argus cleaners in the entire territory of the United States the following handsome award will be given!

Trip to Hickon City and back, all expenses paid.

A week's stay in Hickon City as the personal guest of our president.

The winning salesman will be met at the train by some of our highest executives, and entertained lavishly by them throughout the week. The programme includes detailed excursions through our plant, which should be not only very interesting but educational to anyone connected with the sale of our products.

There will be a sailing and fishing trip on the yacht of our president.

Private dinners in the exclusive homes of Hickon City.

The winner will receive a guest card to the Hickon City Country Club. There he will play golf, tennis and squash with the leading members of our society.

His name will be inscribed in the Better Business Men Book at the Chamber of Commerce.

He will enjoy the splendid hospitality of our city, climaxed by the annual Midsummer Ball at the Country Club.

He will receive a cash award of one hundred dollars, and a diploma, presented to him at a formal luncheon given in his honour, by Miss Judith Spencer, daughter of our president.

In short, the winner will be given a week of splendour which he will not soon forget—a glamorous week which we hope and believe will encourage all our salesmen to bend every effort toward fulfilling our slogan—"No home without Argus!"

Signed: Thomas Thomas, Chief Sales Manager,
Christopher Watson, Vice President.

Hickon City, January 24, 1937.

Bob sighed and put the letter back. He had curly hair and the shrewdly sad look of a cocker spaniel pup about to chew up his master's bedroom slippers.

Joe shoved the steaming hamburgers across the counter.

"Mustard?"

"Huh? Thanks. Have you ever been on a yacht, Joe?"

Joe looked indignant. "Not me! I get seasick."

Bob took a bite of hamburger, pulled another crumpled paper from his pocket and began to labour over it with his pencil. It looked like a racing form but was only the Argus weekly sales' report. Bob dabbed little points here and there, added, subtracted, calculated. Fifty-seven. Three ahead of everyone in the California territory. But no matter how fat he made his own points, nearly digging holes into the paper, nothing could alter the fact that a certain Gardner Loch in Milwaukee was four ahead of him. And only twelve days left to go.

Joe peered at the sheet with interest. "You still winning?"

"Here—sure. But who wants a measly fifty bucks prize!"

"Well, it's not so measly. You could get an awful lot of hamburgers for that."

Bob grinned suddenly. "The trouble with you, Joe, you just don't understand the higher things."

(*please turn over*)

Joe fished under the counter. "I saved the paper for you, anyway."

Bob mumbled his thanks, made slightly incoherent with hamburger and dribbles of mustard, and turned eagerly to the society page. "Looking for prospects," he called it, if anyone lifted an eyebrow. But he knew he would have read it anyway. Even about Mrs. Throttlebottom's garden party and the Junior League's children's play, or that Mrs. E. Winfield Smith, jun. was wearing her hair a new way. It gave him a warm feeling, a feeling of belonging to a glamorous world where people lived gaily, had never heard of wall beds and moved graciously about cool, spacious rooms. He knew about the rooms, anyway. He'd demonstrated in plenty of them.

Joe said mildly, "How you read that stuff's beyond me."

Bob shrugged. "Is it any worse than lapping up what Clark Gable eats for breakfast?" He finished his milk triumphantly, and stood up. The telephone rang sharply.

Joe's face as he talked grew glummer and glummer. "Yeah, I know, Mr. Rott, but my time's worth money. . . . Sure, Mr. Rott. Sure, I guess so. O.K., Mr. Rott. As soon as I can, Mr. Rott." He banged the receiver up angrily and turned to Bob.

"He's a nut. Lives alone in a big house back in the hills, fights with everybody. He's so nasty none of the markets'll deliver to him anymore, so he orders meat from me and I'm sap enough to take it to him. Half an hour for the trip!"

Bob grinned. "You should learn to say 'no,' like the charming housewives I call on. Let me illustrate. . . ." He pantomimed, mimicking a charming housewife opening a door. "No, thank you, we have a vacuum cleaner." Boom! He made the gesture of shutting the door in Joe's face. "Or this one—'Not interested, thank you!' Boom! Or just plain Boom!" He banged an imaginary door shut. Joe turned to the icebox, disgusted.

Suddenly a great light broke on Bob's face, the hound catching a scent, the salesman getting an idea. "Say, does Mr. Rott own a vacuum cleaner?"

"From the looks of the place he doesn't even own a broom."

Bob slapped the counter happily. "Wrap up your hamburger, Joe! I'm taking it up for you."

Joe's amazement relaxed into a broad smile. "Say, that's swell, Mr. Terland!"

Bob tipped his hat jauntily over one eye. "Always glad to oblige a friend, my friend!" He waved. "Be sending you a postcard from Hickon City. . . ."

The road was steep, winding up the brown, bald Hollywood hills. Below and behind him stretched the flat stucco plateau, ending mistily in the oil towers of Culver City. Ugly little town of incredible glamour. But not to Bob. For him it was a city of service entrances, doorbells and one room like another—full of potential dirt. Hickon City was glamour; Hickon City and Miss Judith Spencer. Bob had the prime requisite of success—imagination. Before he was halfway up the hill he had sold several cleaners to Mr. Rott and was on the train speeding toward Hickon City. Then abruptly the pavement stopped. So did Bob.

The narrow dirt road ahead shelved around a shoulder of hill, precarious and uninviting. This was too much; no point in risking his car just on a hunch. He looked for a place to turn, then frowned. His hunches were generally pretty good. He thought of the circular—"a week of splendour." Sitting there on the sunny hillside, he knew he wanted splendour more than anything in the world. A week away from the drab routine of pushing doorbells, of bribing butlers, of going home to the petty poverty of small, respectable people. Back doors. Seeing the elect from outside the fence. He wanted to walk through their front doors, be welcomed, be one of them. He loved the kitchen smell of his mother's hands, but his dream was of orchids and gardenias and the slender white fingers of Miss Judith Spencer as she handed him his diploma of achievement.

With a sudden setting of his jaw, he slammed the gear into low and started up the bumpy trail.

Mr. Rott was surprisingly young, and very grouchy. He stood in the doorway scowling at Bob, his hands, shirt and trousers streaked with paint. An artist, Bob thought, with a faint glow of sympathy. Sometimes when he gave an especially good sales talk for Argus, he felt the spark of creation himself.

"Well?" snapped Mr. Rott.

Bob grinned, held up the package invitingly. "Dinner is served, sir."

Mr. Rott looked surprised, then reached for the package. Bob shook his head reprovingly, pushed Mr. Rott aside and walked in. "I said dinner was *served*, Mr. Rott. Which way's the kitchen?"

Mr. Rott spluttered and exploded in Bob's wake, like a package of firecrackers. Bob walked serenely through the littered rooms, pausing only to run a finger over dusty tables.

"My, the Dust Bowl area must've moved west."

Mr. Rott snapped, "My wife left me, and the servants ran off."

Bob looked sympathetic. "What you need is a drink."

If Mr. Rott had exploded before, now he erupted. Stepping into the kitchen, Bob suddenly understood the reason—ice cubes littered the floor, all sorts of tools except a corkscrew surrounded a whisky bottle with a broken top, and on Mr. Rott's finger was a clumsy bloodstained bandage. Bob gave an understanding smile. "Relax, Mr. Rott, I'll fix your highball."

An hour later Bob put down his empty glass. "You know, Rott, a famous man like you shouldn't live in a mess like this. Now . . ."

Mr. Rott, sitting back in his chair, looked faintly pleased. "Who told you I was famous?"

Bob's eyebrows lifted. "My goodness, do you take me for an ignoramus? Why, a painter of your —er—calibre—— Now, as I was about to say, if you show me your vacuum cleaner, I'll dig you out of this sandpile."

Mr. Rott was losing interest. "Don't own one. Stupid contraptions."

Bob gave a happy sigh, slapped the surprised Mr. Rott reassuringly on the shoulder. "I knew it. You're my man!"

Bob was singing as he bumped and clattered down the dirt road, a song of triumph and challenge. He had sold an Argus to Mr. Rott. In all fairness, he hadn't discovered the perfectly good Miracle Vacuum Cleaner in Mr. Rott's closet until the sale had been made. By that time he had had three whiskies and Mr. Rott five, so it didn't seem to matter much, except as a very good joke. Maybe he'd tell it to Miss Judith Spencer as she handed him the diploma. Poor Gardner Loch of Milwaukee, he was just about done for. That was all right too; he was undoubtedly oldish, bald, and the father of four children. How could he appreciate the splendour of Hickon City?

What happened then was very quick and vague. Something grey and alive darted across the road, Bob swerved instinctively, slamming on his brakes, and the car crashed into something very unyielding and solid. From that point on Bob Terland forgot to dream, even about Hickon City.

He came to, some aeons later, to discover himself slumped over the steering wheel, the car braced against a tree on the brink of an unpleasant void and a small grey kitten impertinently washing her paws on the seat beside him. Memory stabbed him painfully; he glared at her.

"So it was you!" he growled. "Get out!" He gave her an angry shove through the door, sprung open by the crash.

Instantly he regretted the brusque movement. Waves of pain surged in his head and he was aware of a nasty taste of metal in his mouth. He tilted the mirror down and looked in horror at his swollen, bleeding lip—and a darkly empty gap where four fine teeth had been!

Any impartial observer would have said that Bob Terland was a very lucky young man. The car hadn't gone over the cliff, and he was still alive. But one could hardly call Bob Terland impartial and if some Fate had given him the choice he'd probably have taken the broken neck. A salesman without front teeth is like a rattlesnake without a rattle. No contest, no Hickon City, no splendour, no dreams. Bob got out of the car and was quite realistically sick.

After a little the kitten rubbed against his leg and purred sympathetically. Bob wanted to kick it. "Scram, before I wring your neck," he growled. He gestured at the car. "Just look what you've done."

"Meow," said the kitten, complacently.

"Haven't you any sense, running across a road? Scram, I tell you! You've ruined my teeth . . . my career . . . everything. You calamity, you!"

He got in the car. Before he could close the door the kitten had followed him. She sat with her shoulder touching his knee and yawned daintily. Bob reached down to throw her back into the road; instead he found himself stroking her silky, arched back.

"I don't suppose you know any good dentists, huh, Calamity?"

Calamity purred.

Bob's head was pounding with pain. He shouted in sudden fury, "And don't talk back to me, you hear?"

"Meow," said Calamity.

"You're a spoiled brat!" Mr. Spencer told his daughter Judith.

He was a heavy man, well on in his fifties, with his hair just turning from copper to iron. At the moment the rash temper of the redhead had boiled away all his dignity. He clenched his hands. "I ought to take you across my knee and spank you!"

Judith merely smiled. She wore a riding habit, a polo coat thrown carelessly over her shoulders; she had her father's red hair and wilful chin.

"Don't be childish, pops," she advised, calmly. "Besides, I didn't spoil myself, you know. Someone must have done it for me."

For one tense moment it looked as if Mr. Spencer would burst. Then he tried another tack. "Look, Judith, the circular said that you'd help entertain the contest winner. You wouldn't want me to go back on my word. . . ."

Judith shrugged. "Would you want *me* to? I promised the Trevors I'd go to Canada with them. But even if I were here I wouldn't have anything to do with your stupid salesman!"

Mr. Spencer turned purple. "What's wrong with my salesmen?"

"What's wrong with them?" Judith was shouting too. "They simper, they gawk, they wear funny trousers and impossible ties. They've never heard of eau de cologne, fish forks or Stokowski. Their mental average is the funny papers or a good dirty joke. The one last year perspired like a horse whenever I looked at him and, from the way my feet felt after we'd waltzed together, he might have been a man of war. And judging by the look of his hands, I'd say he was saving every bit of vacuum cleaner dirt he'd ever found!"

"I'll thank you to remember I was a salesman once, myself!" Mr. Spencer pounded the desk. "They haven't time for frills—they're too busy making the money you throw around. And fish forks or no fish forks, they're worth more than your whole set of pretty friends lumped together!"

"Perhaps. It's a matter of taste. They're probably all right—if you leave them where they belong."

"The winner belongs here and so do you! And you'll be here if I have to hog-tie you."

The two Spencers had good voices. The rising waves of the quarrel spilled through closed doors and into the next room where Judith's secretary sat at her desk. She smiled faintly at Paul the butler.

"They're off again."

Paul nodded sagely. He was an old man and had come to the Spencers while Judith's mother was living. "She'll do as she likes," he said.

The train was slowing down for the station, and

Bob Terland was getting nervous. It still seemed unreal to him, a miracle. A miracle of sitting in a "painless" dentist's chair with Calamity, the rascal, purring contentedly on his lap; and emerging finally with a magnificent bridge which the dentist assured him was more beautiful than his own teeth could ever have been. Smiling at himself in the mirror, Bob could almost believe it. Anyway, when he came out of his stupor, he found himself possessed of a rage of salesmanship. In the days following the accident he had sold vacuum cleaners like a dervish in a trance, like a native of Madura running amok. And now, in a few moments, his week of splendour would begin. He was suddenly a little scared.

A brass band was playing. His heart thumped painfully as he waited for the porter to unload bags. He settled his hat more carefully, at the rakish angle he had seen in the smart men's magazine. He was as new as fresh paint—suit, shoes, tie, even a pair of striped shorts—and in his suitcase a brave new tuxedo waited, to outshine all the other tuxedos at the Midsummer Ball. It had taken all his savings, but now, as he stepped off the train, he was glad. You had to do things right when you mingled with the right people.

The band crashed into "Hail, hail, the gang's all here." A group of men took off their hats as they saw him. Someone pumped his hand. "Welcome to Hickon City, Mr. Terland! Right over here, please. . . ." The flash and click of cameras.

As he walked towards the men his thoughts were singing, I've done it! By gosh, I've done it! Then suddenly the refrain—everything—seemed to stop for one long breathless moment. He had caught sight of a girl, young, slim, distinguished, standing beside one of the men. Miss Judith Spencer!

The next few moments were a whirl of handshakes, smiles, introductions. Mr. Thomas Thomas, chief sales manager. Mr. Christopher Watson. Mr. Spencer himself, cordial, smiling.

Bob kept mumbling, "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Thomas. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Watson. . . . Gee . . . this is an honour, Mr. Spencer!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, Bob! Congratulations! We're all here to welcome the best salesman in the country. And now you must meet my daughter Judith. She's going to take you in charge and see you have a good time."

Bob was a meteor rocketing among the stars. Mr. Spencer was a big, broad laugh. Mr. Watson a dry crackle of parchment. Mr. Thomas was an old and arrived Bob Terland. Miss Judith Spencer was like a cool drink on a hot day . . . made you think of water, of beach sand, of green moss around the edge of a well, of anything clear and fresh.

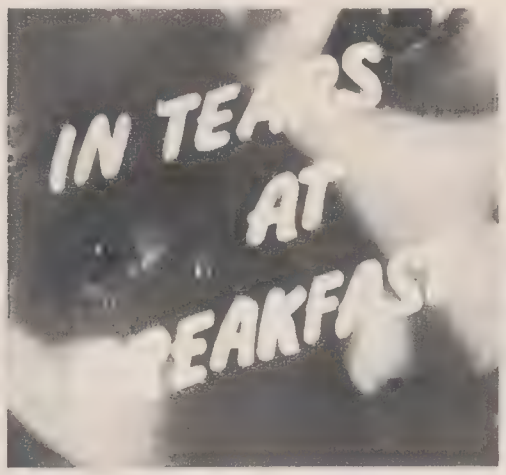
She was smiling at him, holding out her hand. "How do you do, Mr. Terland? I'm so glad to meet the paragon of salesmanship."

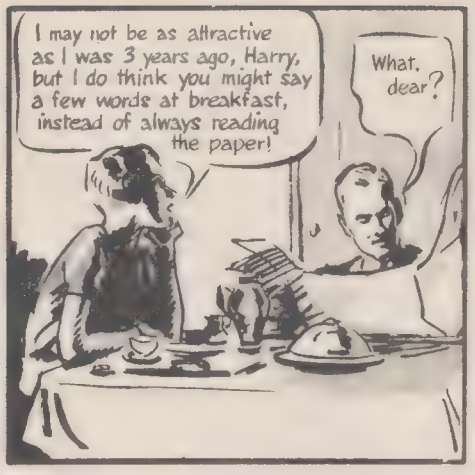
Bob managed to stutter, "I am very happy—indeed." He congratulated himself on the "indeed." It sounded swanky and right.

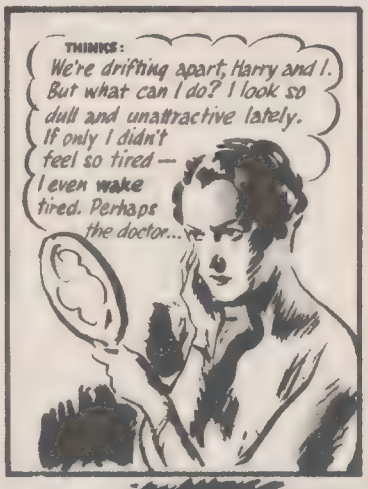
The brass band stopped with a final flourish, and the whole group moved toward the exit. More cameras, more introductions, questions, laughter. And all the while the girl was walking by his side. Staring out of the train windows, he had planned a hundred things to say to her, witty, clever, intriguing things. Now, when he needed them, they had done the disappearing act. All he could say was, blurting it out, "I thought you were blonde."

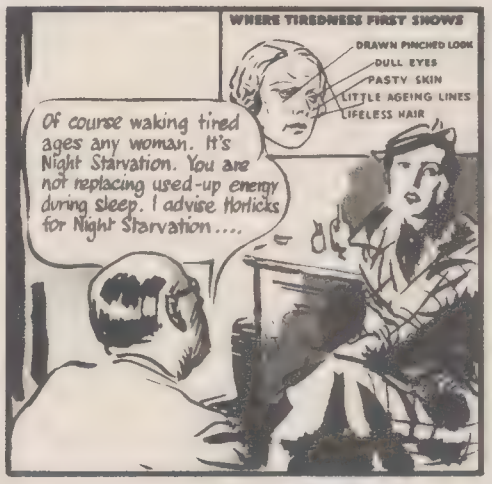
(*please turn over*)

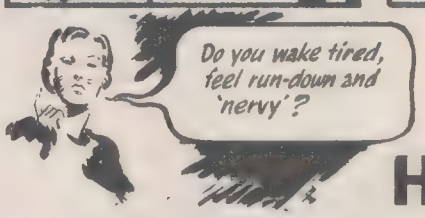
He laughed derisively. "So that's all you understand of what I'm trying to say! And your father *likes* me! Well, he ought to—I've put up a swell front. All expenses paid and a hundred dollar prize, huh? I've shot that and all my savings trying to live up to you and your father and all the other élite. But that isn't the real, everyday Bob Terland. Listen." He pulled her toward the lighted windows











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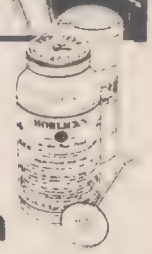

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She laughed, and patted a strand of auburn hair in place. "Why?"

"I—I guess I saw your picture in the papers." The lie sounded lame, even to himself.

She said demurely, "I'm sorry you're disappointed."

"No! I didn't mean. . . . That is. . . ." He floundered unhappily, feeling himself blush. Then he caught the mischievous twinkle in her eyes and grinned. He no longer felt his tie was choking him.

"I think I'm going to like Hickon City," he said.

"We'll do our best. Play tennis?"

He could have told her that salesman have no time to play tennis. Instead he said with careful indifference, "I sprained my wrist."

Her sympathy was as quick as her laughter. "I'm so sorry. How?"

"A little accident with my car." It sounded right, casual and elegant. She gave him a quick, questioning look, then in a moment she was smiling again, pleasantly hospitable.

"Well, there's polo then. Do you like it?"

"Very much, indeed." This was true, anyway. On Sundays he used to drive out to Sunset Boulevard, and park at a spot where you could watch the game from outside the fence.

"So do I. It's not as dull as most smart things."

It was his turn to look at her quickly. But her face was bland.

Mr. Spencer called, "Where's the car, Claire?"

The girl said quickly, "Richardson is waiting over there, Daddy." Bob thought she flushed suddenly, but he couldn't be sure. Because just at that moment the porter bustled up with his bags, and from the smallest of them was issuing a distinct and plaintive "Meow!"

The girl turned in surprise. It seemed to Bob that everyone was staring. "Gracious, what's that?"

"Nobody. Just—Calamity." Bob, embarrassed, was fumbling at the catch of the little pasteboard suitcase. He opened it and the kitten hopped out, indignant and ruffled. She shook herself severely. Miss Spencer laughed.

Bob was explaining. "She said she wouldn't stay home, and—well—she's pretty dumb but she's kind of a mascot, you see. So I thought—but of course if you don't like cats? . . ." He finished unhappily.

The girl leaned down and picked up the kitten, put it in her cupped arm. "Adore them! We have two blue Persians who'll entertain her royally. Won't they, Daddy?"

But Mr. Spencer was marshalling cars and executives. Bob said, "She's only an alley cat. Maybe they'll be snooty to her."

The girl gave him another of her quick glances. "No one will be snooty to anybody," she said, slowly.

Suddenly his new clothes burned his body as if they were flames. His collar was high and stiff and his shirt crackled when he moved.

Mr. Spencer called, "This way, Terland. Come on, Claire!"

The car was a limousine and Bob rode in the middle, between Mr. Spencer and the girl. She had taken her hat off and was stroking Calamity gently. Suddenly Bob relaxed and breathed evenly again, happily. This was the dream, this was the splendour. He was one of them, he'd earned the prize. They were even doing him honour, all this fuss for him—Bob Terland.

Bob grinned. "Miss Spencer, I think somebody had better pinch me."

The president laughed. "Don't you do it, Claire! We've got to handle him with care—he's the Argus Company's prize specimen!"

Bob looked at the girl. "I thought your name was Judith."

She shrugged. "Oh, I have several names—to match my moods. . . ." She smiled mischievously at Mr. Spencer. "Daddy even calls me 'brat' at times."

Mr. Spencer coughed suddenly. The girl looked at Bob, continued with the smile that Bob thought must be the most charming in all Hickon City.

"But if it will make your visit any happier, you may even pick out your own name for me. Provided, of course, it's nothing like Calamity!"

Bob flushed, grinned. "I guess I better stick to Miss Spencer," he said.

The next two days were full of a wonderful confusion. Visits to the plant, with banners saying "Argus welcomes you" and "Welcome to Hickon City, Home of Argus" everywhere. (They were left over from the last convention, but no one told Bob that.) Luncheons, dinners, hundreds of introductions. And always Judith, at the wheel of her blue roadster and he sitting beside her, with the warm wind in his face and the splendour resting lightly on him. Sometimes the thought struck him coldly: This is only for a week . . . one week and it will be over. Then Mr. Spencer would boom out some pleasantry, or Judith would smile at him and happiness engulfed him again.

"Your father is wonderful," he told Judith, as they were driving home.

Her voice was careless. "Oh, he's a good old egg."

"You have little golden flecks in your eyes."

She brightened with interest. "Have I?"

"Funny, you'd think they'd spoil your looks. But it doesn't—quite."

They both laughed.

This business of names for Judith was the most confusing thing of all. It all depended on what Mr. Spencer called her at breakfast; one day it was Judith, the next it was Claire. And it seemed to Bob that Judith and Claire were two quite different people. On the Judith day she was aloof, very much the grand lady; on Claire days she was sweet, direct, friendly, the kind of girl you felt excitingly at ease with.

It was on a Claire day—Thursday—that he fell in love with her. The evening before, at the vice-president's dinner, she had been Judith, cool, superior, politely bored and the evening had been as dry to him as Mrs. Watson's turkey and Mr. Watson's speeches. The only bright spot for him was when they played backgammon after dinner; he had been bored stiff with it, but he relished the picture it made—Bob Terland playing the mystic Four Hundred's favourite game with them; Bob Terland inside the fence—belonging.

Thursday they went on the lake in Mr. Spencer's yacht, as the circular had promised. It was then, just before sunset, that Bob realised there was something more beautiful and important in life than selling the Argus to unwilling housewives. The breeze was soft, softer than any he had ever felt; clouds, as fine and reddish-gold as Claire's hair, hung over the horizon; the lake swished and whispered under the bow and Bob ached with unnameable, delirious pain. Claire was next to him, leaning on the rail.

She said softly after a while, "You look as if you were seeing a star—or a Christmas tree—or the end of the rainbow out there."

His face felt stiff. "It's Thursday already," he answered, cryptically.

That night he had it out with Calamity. "Imagine being sap enough to fall in love with the president's daughter!" he railed. "That's a fine mess!"

Calamity stopped washing her face and regarded

(*please turn to page* 44)

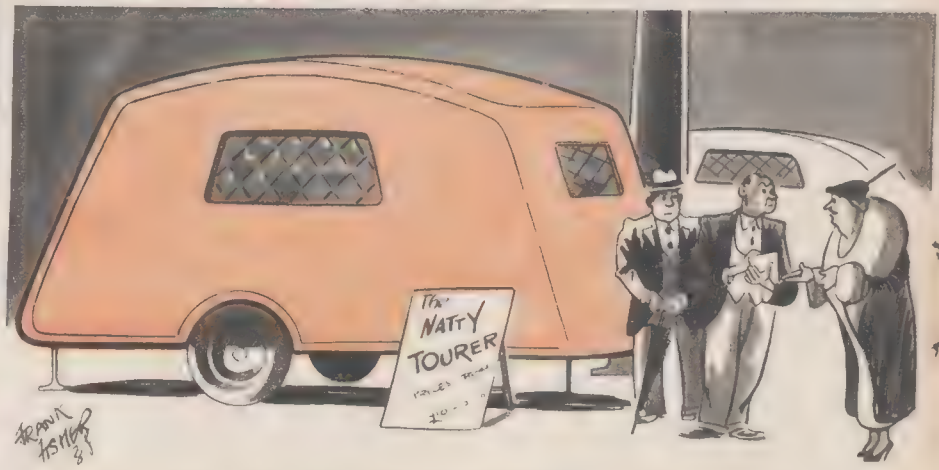
A MAN GOES OUT

by A. C. BARRETT

Laugh

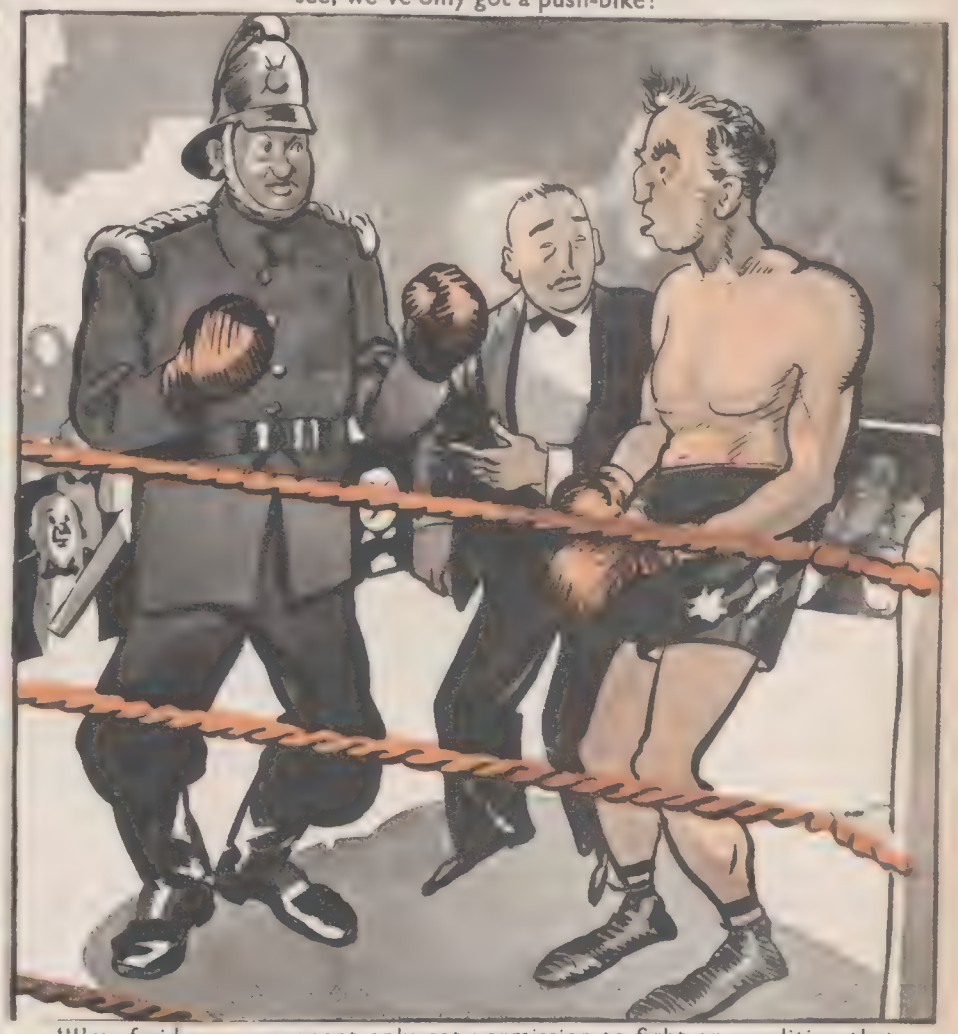
The "PASSING SHOW

Football Pool Fan: "What about some away winners in your rustic work design, Smith?"

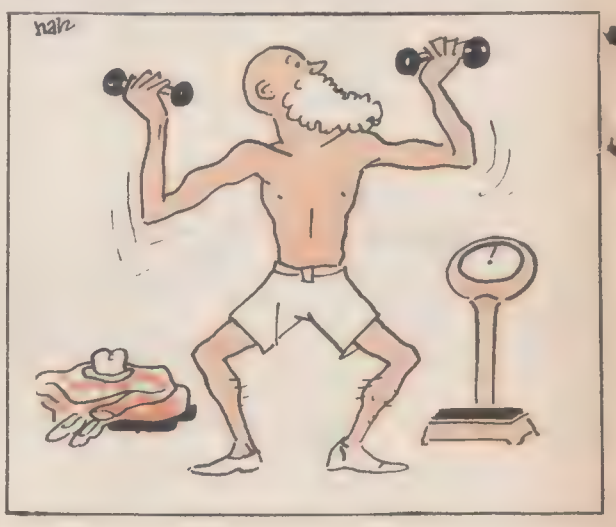


"Yes, it's very nice, but have you something smaller and lighter; you see, we've only got a push-bike!"

"Do sharks ever go to sleep, Bill?"



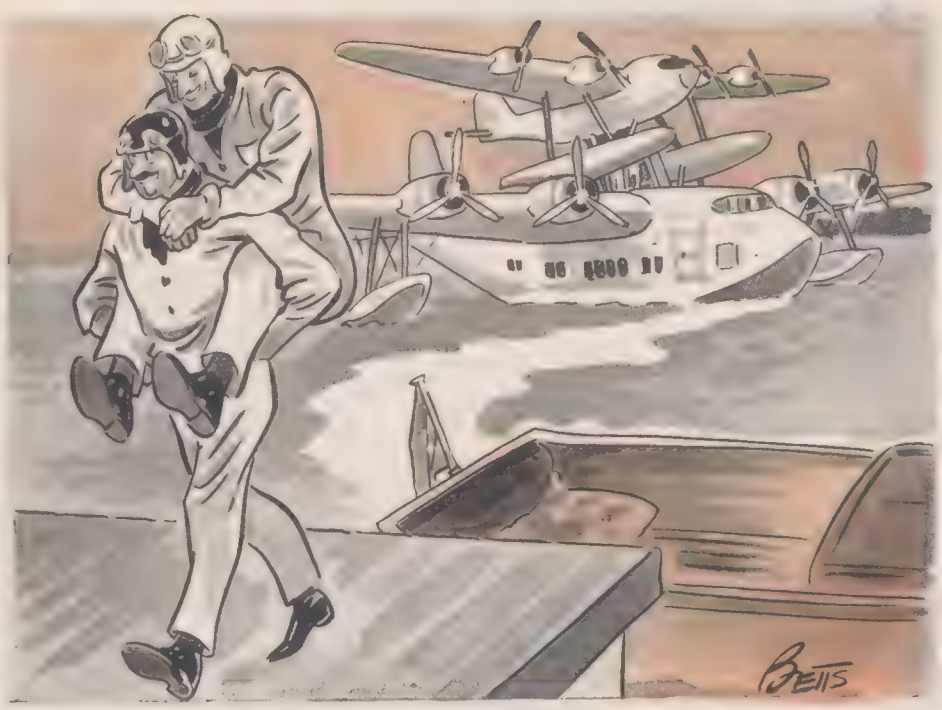
"I'm afraid your opponent only got permission to fight on condition that he was prepared if called to a fire!"



olkier

ow" Smile Section

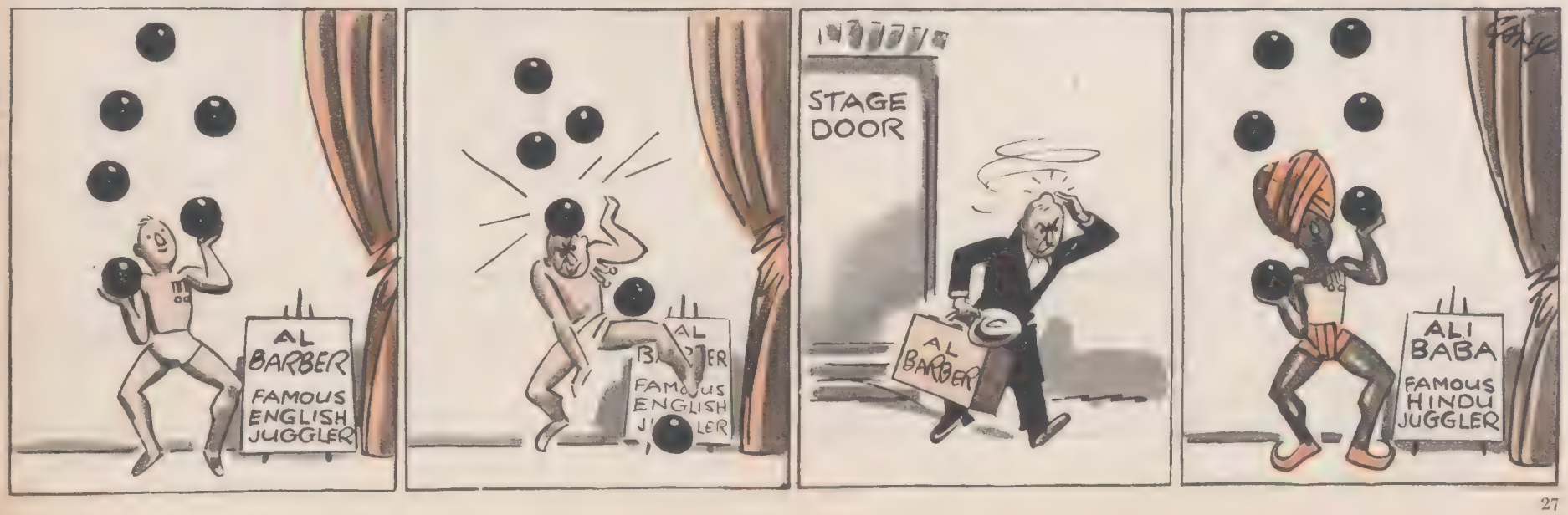
"It's the wife's idea—we're one knife short for the fish course."



The "Pick-a-Back" plane pilots come ashore.

"We want our horses shod."

"The wife insisted on a garden."



It wasn't real. It was like a play, with everyone waiting for the curtain to go up and feeling tense and empty and ready to yell at anything, but the curtain didn't go up

FALL ON YOUR HEAD

A Grand National story that loses nothing because the hero wins all there is to win, including sweet words from his wife

BY DAVID HEADLEY MUNROE

ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC PARKER

MUCH rain fell the night after Cheltenham Races, so that next morning the Downs above Bishop's Cary were green under the March sun, with faint haze hanging in the valleys, and the Downs themselves sweeping away in great curves to the horizon, like an ocean after the storm has gone and left only a mighty windless swell.

Leaning on the rail of the old paddock beyond the west stable, Peggy Lee thought: "I wish Bruce wouldn't. He's so nice, really—I *wish* he wouldn't! Where's Starkey? He ought to be here by now. If he was late more often, I suppose I wouldn't worry so."

Aloud, she said: "When your English sun does come out, Bruce, it's the nicest sun in the world. At home we take the sun for granted, but over here——"

"That's not an answer, Peggy."

She faced him then, brown eyes very clear. "I have a husband. Have you forgotten that?"

He looked down at her from his great height. He said with calm deliberation:

"I was in love with you before he ever saw you."

"Yes—and then I went back to America and you forgot all about me!"

"Quite. I muffed that chance. But you're here again now." A bright light flickered behind his cool grey eyes. "I shan't muff this one," he said.

She considered him thoughtfully. He was the best-looking man she'd ever seen, and very attractive—when he wasn't like this. Yes, he was attractive—but it didn't mean a thing. Not a thing.

She said so. She said: "Bruce, you're wasting your time. Really you are. And I don't enjoy it." She smiled pleasantly and a thought made her shiver. Three weeks ago she might have enjoyed it! It was awful, but she might have. Three weeks ago she'd had enough months of misery and worry piled up inside her to do almost anything.

Why think about a thing that was all over? She and Starkey were happy, now. He wasn't going to ride in the Grand National, and they were happy. He wasn't going to ride in any race ever again, not even when they got back to Virginia. He was through with horses. . . . Why didn't he come?

A bay horse with a long, striding walk came around the corner of the stable, halted, and blew softly through flaring nostrils. The big, coloured man below his high head crooned at him. Bruce Morgan said: "Sorry, Peg—didn't mean to be a bother," and finished, mentally, "But I'm not giving up!"

She flashed him a smile and said: "Thank you, Bruce." Then, for the third time: "Sam, when did Mr. Lee say he'd get here?"

The coloured man's fingers explored his black head. "He reckoned he'd—he'd leave London 'long about eight o'clock, m'am, an' get here—get here about ten."

Ten. That was what he'd said before. Why keep on asking? But it was after eleven, and—oh, stop it!

Her brown eyes narrowed as she studied the big horse.

"He looks fit, Sam. He *is* fit! What was the trouble yesterday? He's beaten all those horses before."

The black head bobbed strenuously. "Yes m'am! An' old Fantastic, he'd have beat all them no 'count hawsses again, 'ceptin' the ride he got! These here English jockeys, m'am—they ain't no good! An'—an' even if they was, Fantastic, he won't do no runnin' for nobody but Mr. Lee! No, m'am—we ain't goin' win no Grand National without Mr. Lee does the ridin'! You knows that, m'am!"

Conviction burned gloomily in his black face; he clucked twice, and the bay, Fantastic, strode away against a green background.

Yes, she knew that. Soon everybody else

(*please turn to page* 30)

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would know it, too. The newspapers had begun talking already. Making it all sound so desperately important, as though winning a horse race was the one thing in the world that mattered!

"Rather low opinion of English jockeys," said Bruce Morgan, and grinned. "Still, in this case—quite right. It's most frightfully bad luck."

"Is it? Is it, Bruce? Why?"

"*Why*? I say, Peggy, really—you can't mean that!"

In a low voice she said: "I know. You mean that Starkey did bring the horse all the way from Virginia just for the National, so it's a tragedy that he can't ride."

A *tragedy* because a man couldn't risk his life for a thing like a horse race!

Bruce Morgan said: "My dear, the National *is* the National! And to have to chuck riding, particularly for a chap—I mean, he's never done anything else, has he?"

"That doesn't mean he can't! Starkey's very—look here, Bruce! You may not like Starkey, but I do—and he *is* my husband!"

"I'm awfully sorry!" He grinned disarmingly. "But that's just it—he is your husband! At that, one has to be fair, Peggy. Concussion's definitely bad luck, in any circumstances."

She said: "I suppose you're right," and wondered, suddenly, if her real reason for hating horses and racing was just the perpetual fear that Starkey was going to be killed. . . . No, that was only part of it. She could *not* see that it really mattered who won the Grand National. It was just a horse race, and horse racing *was* unimportant—just as race riding was a childish waste of time for a man like Starkey. . . . Why didn't he come? He was never late.

"You did mean it, didn't you? You don't think much of racing," said Bruce. "Extraordinary. . . . How does *Starkey* feel?"

Wilfully, she misunderstood him. "Oh—he feels fine. But the doctor says he mustn't ride for ages. You see, if he fell on his head again—what are you looking at?"

"Your—husband, I expect. I rather think that's his car."

She turned swiftly. He was all right, nothing had happened, she'd been a fool to worry!

The car slid between stone gateposts and became silent, shiny black against the mellow bricks of the old house. A man got out into the sun with a newspaper under his arm. He called: "Hullo!" and swung toward them. His fair hair was untidy, and he moved with the loose, easy grace you see often in big men but seldom in one of his medium height.

She said: "Darling, I'm so glad you're back! I had visions of you lying in ditches and wrapped around trees, and everything!"

"Kind of glad myself. There was a smash on the road near Colnbrook—held me up." He looked at her with a grave, direct blue stare that became suddenly a grin, and colour rose in his face. Beyond his shoulder Peggy saw Bruce standing wooden, expressionless, thought: "Oh, dear, Bruce is going to be difficult," and then Starkey was saying:

"Hello, Morgan. Glad to see you."

She said quickly: "Did you have trouble at Weatherby's? No? Well, that's a relief! Bruce—you aren't going?"

A smile cracked the tall man's wooden face. "'Fraid so. Have to see a chap. 'Bye," and he stalked away across the grass.

Watching him go, she frowned. When Bruce wanted to be rude, he certainly knew how! He'd made it very clear that it wasn't Starkey he wanted to talk to!

"Peggy."

She turned, smiling.

"Yes, dear?"

The grave blue stare did not become a grin. Starkey Lee said jerkily:

"Peggy. Something's happened. I've got to. . . ." He handed her the newspaper. "You'd better read it yourself."

Her smile faded. "Starkey—what is it?"

"You'd better read it."

Quickly she ran through the account of the race. Yes—Exmoor winning from Great West Road and Pink Slipper, with the "very handsome American horse, Fantastic, that started favourite, a bad fourth." She knew all that.

Here it was. This was what he meant. Rapidly she skipped down the column among clear black words:

". . . As to Fantastic's chance in the Grand National . . . regretfully reverse my former opinion. Six weeks ago, after . . . brilliant victories . . . felt sure he would win. Since then, however, his American owner-trainer, Mr. Lee, who rode him in those races . . . finest rider over fences I have seen in many years . . . a bad fall schooling another horse . . . severe concussion of the brain . . . not be able to ride his horse in the great race at Aintree . . . Mr. Lee thus incapacitated . . . other jockeys . . . without success . . . now believe Fantastic to have no chance in the Grand National . . . my sympathy to Mr. Lee . . . very sporting gesture. . . ."

She stopped, glanced up at Starkey, took a deep breath, and read the last paragraph slowly, carefully.

"My sympathy is the stronger because of the undoubted fact that a large, if misguided section of the betting public, which has backed Fantastic heavily for the Grand National, will feel that by not riding Mr. Lee has let them down badly and will blame him, however unjustly, for a fancied grievance."

As she finished the sentence she began to tremble. It was such a perfect plea! It didn't matter how the writer had meant it; to anyone who knew Starkey, it was *the* perfect plea! ". . . will feel that Mr. Lee has let them down. . . ." With Starkey's ungovernable sense of honour and duty about anything connected with horses, that was enough. What should she say? What could she say? Those last three weeks that had been so happy—were they just a dream?

She looked up. She tried to smile. She said:

"His conclusions are a little—exaggerated, don't you think?"

"They would be—if it were anything but the National." Starkey was gazing straight ahead.

"I don't see that. After all, the National is just another horse race."

His deep, slow voice said: "You know it isn't. It's—the Grand National. People all over the world are thinking about it, Peggy. And betting on it. Funny—I'd sort of forgotten, but a lot—a lot of people *will* lose their money if Fantastic doesn't get at least a place."

She tried to say something but she couldn't. The words wouldn't come, but in her mind a voice said, "Those last three weeks *were* a dream."

Starkey said simply: "I guess there's some things a fellow has to do, no matter what."

". . . no matter what. . . ." No matter if you got killed. Or if your wife was so afraid she. . . . Yes. She must be afraid again now. All the time, afraid. And it was no use arguing. Not when Starkey talked like that. No use at all.

She said dully: "You'll want your promise back."

He didn't answer. He just stood there with his blue eyes quiet and unhappy, and behind him the Downs were green and the sun was shining and she could hear lambs bleating somewhere a long way off.

Wearily she said: "All right. You can have it back. You never wanted to promise, did you? Not really. I suppose I shouldn't have asked you to. But—oh, Starkey, I couldn't *bear* it if you——"

"Peggy! Listen to me!" He took her hands and held them tight. "I'm not going to get hurt—honest I'm not!"

"Yes, you will. You'll fall on your head." Her speech was toneless, entirely without hope. "And the doctor said if you fall—"

He interrupted gently: "You take that doctor too seriously. Anyway, I'm not going to fall, because you can't win if you fall, and I'm going to win." His voice changed and hardened. "I'm going to win!"

She pulled her hands away. She stared at him.

"I see!" she said bitterly. "I see: You're *glad* this has happened! Aren't you? All right—go ahead! Ride all the races you want to! Ride until you get tired of it—I won't try to stop you!" She laughed scornfully. "You will get tired of it some day, I suppose. Or won't you *ever* grow up, Starkey?"

For a moment he stared back at her without speaking. Then he said:

"You knew I was a jockey when you married me!"

"Yes—I did. So I can't blame anyone but myself, can I? I think I'll go inside. No—don't bother to come!" she said, and walked quickly away from him.

Between the stands and the Sefton Gate a plot of grass, three cornered, lay green beneath grey clouds and early morning sky. Horses walked on it, in wide, swinging circles; men stood on it, in quiet changing groups; and there was no noise, no laughter, only a tension and the thought *Aintree*, and a hope and a fear that time would pass, and make afternoon come true.

Fantastic came past, holding his head high at the end of Sam's leadstrap. His black legs strode easily below the dark brown blanket with the orange binding and the orange SL embroidered in the corner, and Starkey nodded and grinned

(*please turn to page* 32)

"Is this where I come for my driving tests?"

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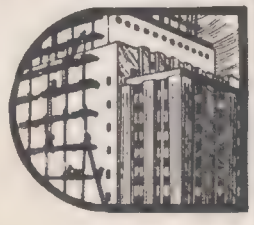

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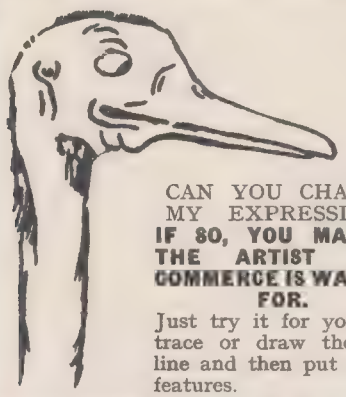

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at Sam, and watched the great square quarters stride away in that swinging circle of horses, some in blankets and some in hoods and blankets, some led by stableboys and a few ridden, and always watching them the little changing groups of men and women and the low-voiced conversation, but never by any means any laughter.

Starkey thought, "Morning gallops, morning exercise at *Aintree* . . . eight hours still to go before race time." Well, Fantastic was fit. Fit and ready. As fit as any. Fantastic would run his race all right if Starkey rode his all right; he had more foot than most, and he wouldn't fall . . .

". . . unless he gets knocked over by a loose horse or is unsighted at the first fence," his mind chattered, rapidly, "and I come off on my head. You'd better quit that. Worrying's no use."

He felt his head gingerly. He kept imagining that it ached. Something about this place made you imagine things. Aintree. It was different from other race-courses; compared with it all, other racing seemed small and unimportant. And it gave you a sort of *feeling*.

"Or maybe it's just me, me being so scared."

No, he'd been scared before. This last year he'd been scared almost every time he rode. It was enough to make anyone scared, having someone always telling you how dangerous it was. But he'd never been as scared as this. He'd never ridden before with a bad concussion, or when Peggy didn't—will you lay off that?

He couldn't. It was no use trying. Forget the two weeks since he'd told her he was going to ride? He wouldn't ever be able to forget them. He'd thought once that most of this last year had been pretty bad, but that was before he'd known what "bad" meant. She'd never been *like* this before. Hard and gay and laughing all the time; sort of flippant, never taking anything seriously, and always on the move.

So far as he knew, at least. He hadn't really seen her much. Maybe she was different with Morgan. Morgan had seen more of her than he had. A lot more.

He heard a snap, and looked down. He'd broken his whip! . . . Well, have to get another for the race, for this afternoon. . . . The horses were starting to go out on to the course for their morning exercise. Better take Fantastic out.

Stripping off the blanket, tightening the girth, he saw Bruce Morgan's wide shoulders above the crowd. Then Peggy, at Morgan's side, with that lovely free walk of hers, and the proud way of holding her head.

His heart jumped painfully. They—they made an awful good-looking couple!

Starkey said: "Morning," and lifted savagely against the buckle. *Damn that feller Morgan!* One hole more—there! He raised Fantastic's forelegs, one after the other, and pulled them forward, to smooth the wrinkles beneath the girth. He said: "All set, Sam," and bent his left knee.

Sam tossed him into the saddle and he kicked booted feet into iron stirrups. Fantastic jumped and sidled as he felt the weight. In the crowd a man said: "I don't care if 'e is bungled in the 'ead. I plumps me money on 'im just the syme!" and Sam took the reins close to the bit and led the big horse away, past staring faces to the white gate on the right.

At the gate Starkey twisted in his saddle and glanced back. Horses still moved in a fitful line through the Sefton Gate; restless groups of people still watched them quietly, and over near the end of the empty stands Peggy and Bruce Morgan stood gazing after him. For an instant her face showed white in the clear light, then she shifted sideways to look steadily up at the man beside her, and Starkey turned with a jerk and rode out on to open grass with his eyes staring straight ahead between Fantastic's dark, pricked ears.

He saw huge fences framed in green turf and low grey sky. Black fences that in eight hours would rise up and rush at him the way afternoon was rushing at him now. Yes, eight hours before forty-five horses would leap forward and gallop at the first fence in a charge so thick that some of them might not see the fence until it jumped up and hit them in the nose.

Ahead of him five horses walked slowly, soberly, and he recognized Jackboot and that huge horse The Raven. Those two, with Yvette, the French mare, Exmoor, and Red Prince, were the ones to beat. But how about Drinboro? Yes, add him. That made six tough ones, six that might win.

Six? . . . Forty-five horses in this race—any one might win!

By Anchor Bridge he pulled up, one among twenty who awaited, nervously, their turns. Some singly, some in bunches of two, three, or four, they went away at half-minute intervals.

Now it was his turn. Fantastic's turn. *Easy, big boy, there's no rush. . . . Aintree, I'm riding "gallops" at Aintree! . . . Slugging your head at me won't do any good, you can't jump now, you'll get all the jumping you want this afternoon. . . . Slowly now, pull up—we're going in . . .*

The white gate. Two horses, sheeted, being walked dry. Peggy and Bruce Morgan walking forward with the grey stands empty behind them.

"Got him, Sam? Okay . . . and don't let anyone even look at him! . . . What's that you said, Morgan? No. No Don't feel hungry. Guess I'll walk t h course again now—it rained last night, you know. . . . Yeah, sure—see you later, Peggy. . . ."

Go on. Walk the course. And *quit thinking that!* You'll never get any girl back by knocking the other fellow's head off. . . .

At noon, the sun peered out and a mist rose steaming; at two, the sun fled, but the mist remained and quickly became fog. Away on the course it hung in heavy, silent banks that muffled sound and strangled distance, so that from the stands men saw on their right three fences, on their left four more, but beyond that only a thick whiteness in which people moved with a faint, gigantic hum, while the preliminary races were being run on the flat.

Starkey came out of the dressing-room with Captain Brownell's words running through the near deafness that nerves always gave him before a race. ". . . beat you if I can, Lee—but I hope you win!" That was decent of Brownell, he thought. He liked these British Army fellers.

In the paddock, inside the circling ring of horses, he stood apart from the others, and felt hemmed in and miserable. Such a crowd, so many people. Peggy was out there somewhere. Peggy—and Morgan. Yes, Peggy and Morgan. . . .

His hands stole up to feel his head, and he yanked them down angrily. His head did *not* ache! His head was all right so long as he didn't fall—he wasn't going to fall, he wasn't going to fall! Sam's black face looked important as all hell, leading Fantastic around . . . there was Drinboro, Brownell's horse . . . that French mare looked like speed. . . .

After that everything was a blur in which he acted automatically. Sam swinging Fantastic out of the line; his own head pressed hard against the warm bay side as he tried for that last hole in the girth; Sam's hand beneath his knee—he was going up—smooth leather under him. . . .

He was at the start. He was in a long line of horses that swayed and bent and broke and reformed again, he was pulling back, and—he wasn't afraid any more. . . .

A white flag fell and thunder rose from hoofs charging off into fog.

Where was the fence? He couldn't see it. The leaders were rising, there was Red Prince, and The Raven, they must be jumping, but still he couldn't see the fence, not through that solid, galloping mass. Could Fantastic see it? *Could Fantastic see——*

And suddenly Fantastic up-ended and jumped cleanly and behind him two horses ran head on into the fence and brought down four others who tried to swerve away and couldn't.

Then there came one big fence after another, with horses jumping and jockeys swearing and three more falling. And now the field was stringing out and following Red Prince, who was away in front with a lead that grew bigger and bigger. Watching him, Starkey thought:

"Going too fast, too fast for four miles and a half. Let him go, he'll come back. We've jumped five times, this'll be Becher's."

It was Becher's and high, with a great brook beyond and a dropped, uneven landing; but Red Prince jumped, and the field jumped, and no horse fell, so that

thirty-six went on over Number Seven and down to the Canal Turn, where the fence rose five feet with a yawning ditch in front.

Red Prince took off too far away. He hit the top of the fence and stuck there. For three seconds he stuck there—and in those three seconds eight horses jumped past him, swung sharply toward Valentine's, and galloped away down the Canal side.

Of those eight horses, one was The Raven, one was Yvette, and one Drinboro, and in fourth place, with Starkey riding very confidently, was Fantastic. But neither Starkey nor any other of those jockeys knew until long after that behind them was great confusion in the fog, that behind them in the Canal Turn ditch Red Prince walked wildly up and down, so that of twenty-eight horses most refused to jump at all, and the rest fell and joined Red Prince in the ditch.

Down the Canal side The Raven led from Drinboro with Fantastic and Yvette running level in third, and after them four others that became three when a grey fell at Number Twelve. They swung left toward the stands, toward the finish of the first time round, and suddenly the stands roared, and Starkey thought childishly :

"Why—they couldn't see us before, could they? The fog was too thick!" and didn't know that the stands roared with fear and amazement because from the fog into which had vanished forty-five there now came only seven.

And Fantastic strode swiftly at the Open Ditch, the biggest fence on the course.

Black fence, and great ditch, and little flickering flags. Black fence that last year had spilled Exmoor, that had broken Higgins' arm——

Fear grinned at him. There was no crowd yelling and no horses galloping. Only a voice that ran ahead and jeered, and laughed, and shrieked :

You'll fall on your head—on your head—on your head. You'll fall on your head—on your head!'

He yanked madly at the reins. He felt Fantastic check in mid-air. Then there was a convulsion beneath him, a savage kick-back of great quarters and a lunge forward.

They were over. Fantastic had got him over. Fantastic had got him over even though he'd done something he'd never done before. Something that might have *killed* Fantastic.

His rage at himself was cold and bitter. Not again, he wouldn't do that again! *Water jump, big boy, stretch yourself, we're going over!*

Ahead, The Raven jumped short and fell in a huge, black heap. Starkey saw the jockey freeze motionless, then roll quickly as Yvette's steel shoes missed his head by inches, and swung Fantastic left to go away for the second round. Close thing, that—tough to fall in this race!

He wasn't going to fall—why was Drinboro coming back? All right, if Brownell wouldn't set a decent pace Fantastic would set one!

Two horses jumped level but on the flat Fantastic drew away, and Starkey's mind galloped :

"I'm leading at Aintree—I'm leading at Aintree—at Aintree"—and hoofs thudded at his side.

He drew in his breath sharply. Loose horse! A loose horse had knocked over Harry Brown in '24 when he was way ahead, a loose horse had spilled——.

It was a big grey. He ran wildly, aimlessly, with stirrups flapping. Starkey slashed at him with his whip; he dodged, swung off, wavered, and dashed ahead.

At Becher's, the loose horse jumped slackly, bored deep into the fence, and blundered through amid flying gorse. Fantastic swerved, checked, and got over somehow.

Drinboro, coming up fast behind, landed beside Fantastic, and the two horses collided solidly.

Starkey felt an agonising pain in his right leg. It was being pulled off, it hurt him in the hip. . . .

He was still on his horse. Yes, still on his horse. Fantastic was galloping on. His right leg had stopped hurting. It seemed to work all right—but where was his stirrup? *Where was his stirrup?*

He looked down. The stirrup was gone—leather, and iron, and all. He—he had only one stirrup. . . .

Eight fences still to go and only one stirrup . . . .

"Can you see them yet? Can you see them yet, Bruce?" she asked in a hard, quiet little voice; and Bruce Morgan stared into the fog through black racing glasses and answered coolly :

"No. 'Fraid not. Not yet."

It wasn't real. It was like a play, with everyone waiting for the curtain to go up and feeling tense and empty and ready to yell at anything, but the curtain didn't go up, so that the silence became too great, and when a little tinkling laugh came down from the top of the stands it sounded loud and your ears hurt.

Bruce Morgan said : "*Hup!* They're coming!" and the world rocked and swayed and became howling sound.

Through it Bruce said :

"One horse in front, can't see who it is . . . way in front . . . Yvette, it's Yvette! . . . another . . . one more, that makes three . . . that's all, only three . . . only three left! . . . Yvette's down! . . . at the next to last fence . . . Drinboro's leading . . . Fantastic, *Fantastic's second!* Yes, it's Fantastic . . . jumping . . . both over . . . one more fence to go. . . . Fantastic's moving up—he's moving up!"

Going into the last fence Fantastic ranged up level with Drinboro. They jumped together and landed together, as they landed Starkey swayed and nearly fell off, but he didn't fall off, and now they were riding in the stretch, riding hard. Brownell's whip was swinging, but Starkey was only hand-riding, he was gaining, Fantastic was gaining.

"He's lost his right stirrup!" Morgan's voice wasn't cool any more, it had cracked and was hoarse. "His right stirrup's gone, but he's going to win, by God—Fantastic wins! . . . *Drinboro's coming again*!"

People roared and shouted : "Fantastic—Fantastic—*Fantastic*!" in a booming rhythmic chant, but it did no good, because Drinboro gained and gained and came up level with Fantastic and began to pass him—and wildly in the stands a girl's voice screamed :

"Fantastic—Fantastic! *Starkey*!"

But her scream was lost in the crowd and she stood frozen silent, watching two horses strain towards the post, strain, galloping side by side with one jockey whipping and the other only hand-riding—and then quickly they were not side by side and she saw that the bay horse was leading so that the jockey in orange and brown came first to the white post in a world gone mad. . . .

Very slowly he tied his necktie. There was no point in hurrying. Nothing to hurry for now. It was all over. He'd won the Grand National and he hadn't fallen on his head, and it was all over. Oh yes, he'd saved a lot of money for a lot of people, hadn't he? That didn't seem very important any more. Was that why he'd ridden? Hmm—funny reason to ride a race. . . . He felt so tired, so tired. . . .

Go out now. Go out and look for Peggy. Peggy and Morgan . . . . Nothing really mattered except Peggy, but he hadn't had sense enough to see that, before. Just hadn't had sense enough. And now it was too late, probably.

"Starkey!"

Why—she was here! Right here, by the door—she was taking his arm, squeezing it, he could feel her squeezing even through his overcoat sleeve.

"Starkey—oh, *Starkey*, it was wonderful!"

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah. Had a lot of luck. . . . Where's Morgan?"

"But Starkey! Darling—you won! You've won the Grand National. *The Grand National*! I'm so excited I—I can't talk—why, just before the finish when Drinboro was coming up—I thought I'd die! And then, even though you only had one stirrup . . . What's the matter, darling?"

He looked at her with his grave blue stare very direct.

"Where's Morgan?"

"Morgan?" she said vaguely. "Morgan? . . . Why—I must have lost him somewhere, I don't know. . . ."

She just stood clinging to Starkey's arm, motionless, with a dazed, surprised look on her face.

"I don't know where he is, Starkey," she said, shaking her head. "I really don't. I'd forgotten all about him."

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The green stems in two bunches of spring blooms give height to this turban of black petersham

Spring

MORE than any season, spring makes us think of new clothes, new fashions, new colours. In fact, if you want a word of seven letters meaning Spring, it is fashion! And as this is our Spring number, the best I can do is to give you a *resumé* of fashions seen at the Paris shows, so you can buy with an eye to the future.

Gaiety is the note in the new colourings in this season's Paris collections. *Moygashel* shows new crêpe ginghams in small checks as well as a beautiful crêpe linen. Floral crêpes in both large and small designs appear at nearly all houses. *O'Rossen* uses many new silk suitings, lightly checked or striped. *Jane Regny* uses pastel flannels for morning suits, while *Marjorie Dunton* makes suits of pink suède embroidered in flowers, and suits of natural washable pigskin.

And so to hats, which are better than any tonic in the spring. Most of the popular forms of spring hats seem to have been contributed by Spain and Mexico! *Rose Valois* shows rolled brims in some these shapes, and modified tambourines as well. Also, she turns felts back from the face in aureoles.

Straw boaters carry us back to the days of our mothers, and chip straws are equally fashionable. *Erik* brings out a new colour in his hats, which he calls "Soleil d'Erik" because it is inspired by the Riviera sun. He suggests a group of delightful garden hats such as those worn by the peasant girls of Nice, and introduces a four-cornered or starfish crown.

Following the general trend, *Ejad* uses flowers and more flowers—sometimes toques of tiny flowers for the afternoon, and even flowers massed high on crowns. Poke bonnets are back and are they becoming?

To every hat its veil. Spotted nets to hang down behind the head, bias veils, veils coming out from under the hat to lower a chenille-dotted or lace-edged fringe over the face. *Braagaard* uses all of these.

It is a year of colour combinations rather than of pure colours. This is true for ensembles, dresses and hats. Black and pink are frequently found together. For instance, pink coats over black frocks, pale pink panama hats with black suits, and so on. Violet-blue and cyclamen rose are often combined for hats.

Brightly coloured prints are as popular as ever for day and evening dresses. Long coats of pure white and of near-whites are shown by many houses. *Luceber* runs her colour gamut from black to aqua-marine, while *Jane Regny* makes an evening suit of electric blue. *Vera Borea* favours the pastel shades; so does *Chanel* for evening wear. *Drecoll* uses not only bright printed crêpes, but also plain colour laces for dance frocks.

And to ward off the showers that come between the bursts of sunshine, there are new frivolous umbrellas with spring flowers hand-painted on natural oilskin. They will add a cheery note to the dullest day.

★ Since writing about a School of Dressmaking at which you could either attend classes or take a correspondence course, I have heard from the Principal that among the many PASSING SHOW readers who have taken courses he has already found some star pupils. In fact, he seems so pleased with us that he wants more students such as those we have already sent to him.

As an added inducement which I think is almost unnecessary, because the course is such good value, he has made a special offer to PASSING SHOW readers. He has not only reduced the fee for two of the courses (the one that was originally seven guineas, is now only five guineas, and the five guinea course only three guineas,) but also he is giving away a dress length of material to anyone who takes one of the dressmaking courses.

If you enrol now, you will get some lovely silk marocain in any of these colours: duck egg blue, Saxe, or navy and a pattern by which you can make it up.

This pattern will be cut specially to your own measurements, so that you can, with the help of the lessons, get busy right away and by Easter you will have a grand new dress, of which you can proudly say: "Yes, it is nice, isn't it—and I made it myself."

If you are interested, write to me, marking your envelopes "Material" and I will send you full particulars. In fact, I'll tell you how you can get a new dress for nothing.

★ Not only newly-married husbands say, "No one can bake cakes as good as the cakes mother makes." I say almost the same thing about my mother, but for cakes I substitute stews.

Her stews are really grand—far, far better than any other I've ever tasted, so I've asked her to tell me exactly how she makes them. Perhaps you'll all say, "Humph—stews, anyone can make a stew."

"But not so good as my mother!" I may add.

Ask the butcher to cut two pounds of stewing steak *very* thin. If he does not cut it thin enough, beat it out with a rolling pin. There should be six slices to two pounds of steak. You will also want six ounces of kidney and three onions.

Flour both sides of the steak. Roll each piece of meat round a piece of kidney and half an onion. Place these rolls sprinkled with salt and pepper to taste, in a casserole or fireproof dish, add a breakfastcupful of water, and put in slow oven for two hours. Before serving, thicken the gravy with a little cornflour and gravy salt.

My mother says it's very easy to make I know it's very easy to eat.

in Seven Letters

MODEL BY NATITA

The jacket and skirt of this three piece is in "Argenat" grey & shell-pink mixture tweed. The jersey-blouse is in grey with silver buttons

VIRGINIA HALL'S PAGE

★ When buying face powder, do you just go to a shop and name the make, or maybe only the colour? Many people do that, but there are other things to be considered. It's not always the fault of the powder if you have a shiny nose; often it's the fault of your skin and you should always get a powder suitable to your particular kind of skin—in colouring and in texture.

It is impossible to compound *one* face powder to suit all skins perfectly, but there is a product in two types—"A" for dry skins; "B" for oily skins. I use the terms "dry" and "oily" to indicate tendencies as well as actual skin conditions, for I don't think there is such a thing as a normal skin. We all lean either to the dry or the oily type and this powder, of either "A" or "B" type, allows for wide differences within each type. Just experiment and notice results!

Some women should really use both types. Although mainly dry, many skins are oily on the forehead, nose and chin. In such a case "A" should be used first, then "B" on the greasy parts. This powder, made in rachel, natural, pearl, peach, sun-tan and evening-tone (which is a special shade that is very attractive for use under artificial light) is particularly good when used in conjunction with the cream or lotion provided by the same manufacturer.

This cream is a real complexion rejuvenator and, after you have used it, you will be surprised at the difference it makes to the texture of your skin. It will make you feel fit to face the brightest spring sunshine.

So that you may try these products I have arranged for a special offer whereby you can buy both the cream and powder for the price of only one. Actually, the cream is priced at 3s. (this is enough to last for a long time,) and the powder is 2s. 6d. a box.

Readers of the PASSING SHOW can send 3s. to me for the cream and I will have it sent to them post free, with a free box of powder. Please let me know which colour powder you want and whether you require the "A" or "B" type. Mark your envelopes "Free Powder."

★ Lastly, here's an idea for those of you who have refrigerators. Next time you are giving a party, put either a cherry, or thin slice of cucumber in each of the partitions in which the ice-cubes form when you are filling the tray with water. When the water is frozen you will see the cherry or cucumber shining through the ice.

These cubes look so much more attractive than the ordinary squares floating in the drinks. Try it!

If you are interested in any of the things mentioned in this page please write to Virginia Hall, c/o "The Passing Show," 92 Long Acre, W.C.2, for she is very willing to help in such matters

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WINGS NORTH

Continued from page 9

to the lake, you know. Incidentally, I saw the Buckley car and chauffeur down the street. At the hotel. Another happy coincidence, what?"

"Remarkable," Court agreed. "Lieutenant, will you give Buckley a message from me?"

"It won't be necessary, I think. Sooner or later—I state this plainly, Mr. Stewart—your trail must inevitably cross Sir Thorncliffe's."

"Perhaps," said Court. "If not, tell him this: No man living, except Skinner McGinn, will have a cut in the Swiftwater Stewart discovery claim. Others who deserve it may be dealt in on the ground floor. Not Sir Thorncliffe Buckley; he'll take his chances in the general stampede that follows. If he does try to cut in, I'll see to it—at least I'll bet my stack on it—that he's counted out entirely."

"How?"

"By calling it a day as far as Atherton is concerned. By attacking it from the Yukon side, from Carcross."

McBain shook his head. "You underestimate his resources, I'm afraid. His influence includes Carcross, Atherton, Edmonton—every base from which the Liard can be reached by air. No, Mr. Stewart." He likewise rose and leaned on the desk; he lowered his voice: "In a game of this magnitude—and I'm suggesting nothing new to you when I say that there are stakes involved other than the gold itself—I advise you to proceed with caution. There is a single word that should govern your actions at all times, no matter what your private opinions or prejudices. It is called 'expediency.' Do I make myself plain?"

"Yes, thanks. We'll see what develops." Court stood erect. "And now, where's McGinn? Do you happen to know?"

"I do. He's in jail."

"So?" Court was not surprised. "On what charge?"

"Drunk and disorderly. Unfortunately, he's an old offender. It's quite possible he'll stay there for a long time."

His implication was plain; Court nodded. "Unless the proper influence is brought to bear? More tribute to Caesar, eh?"

"An apt figure of speech," the lieutenant approved. For the first time, he smiled; it was like a touch of sunlight on cold, remote peaks. "At least—for your own good, Stewart—remember this: Hereabouts, as you'll probably insist on discovering, all roads lead to Rome."

"We'll see," said Court, genially. "Who knows? Maybe there's a side trail. Hannibal found one, you know."

"True. But as a student of history you'll recall as a significant fact: He never captured Rome."

McBain followed Court into the outer office. The civilian in the bearskin coat was close at hand, leaning on a counter beside the wicket. He stood erect as Court passed through; McBain said, remaining inside the enclosure: "One moment, Mr. Stewart. This is Mr. Ravenhill."

"Delighted." Ravenhill's accent was clipped and British. He inclined his head stiffly, but did not offer his hand. He drew his coat together, his bitter, somewhat mocking eyes fixed on McBain.

"Of Arctic Airways," the latter added.

"From Edmonton?" Court looked at Ravenhill more closely. "You flew the ship over—the CA-17?"

"Right."

"How is the old bus? What shape's she in?"

"Fit." Ravenhill gestured towards the door. "Shall we barge along to the hotel? More congenial place to talk shop, y'know." He did not wait for an answer, but led the way. He said over his shoulder to McBain: "Cheerio, old carrion."

In the outside cold, their collars upturned against the quartering wind, they appraised each other narrowly. The Englishman's aloofness had vanished the instant they were alone; laughter wrinkles grouped about his mirthless eyes. It was plain that the man had a singularly engaging personality when he chose to exert its charm.

Court said cautiously: "What's up, Ravenhill? Has something developed with respect to the ship?"

"Plenty, old chap. You haven't read your wire from Edmonton yet, I take it? Read it and weep, as you jolly Americans say. Then we'll delve into the foul plot. You know, Stewart, I think I'm going to enjoy this blighted business. Bucketfuls of the filthy involved. Villains lurking in the bushes."

He stifled a yawn with slender, gloved fingers. "Yes, even a beautiful lady with her finger in the pie."

"A lady?" Court adopted, with relief, the other's light facetiousness of manner. "How beautiful?"

"Divine. But you've met her, of course. I refer to Miss Dorothy Canby, of Montreal, Cleveland, the Riviera, and way points. An American, like yourself. And the niece of the Dominion's most respected cutthroat."

"So?" Court hid the real impact of this news. It touched him deeper than he had dreamed it could ever again. "Dolly here—at Atherton? That's incredible. Yes, I met her here last summer, and again in Washington a month ago, at the Embassy brawl—excuse it, ball—but she told me definitely that she was leaving for a cruise on somebody or other's yacht."

"Well, she's there, old chap. At the hotel. Waiting for you."

"For me?"

"No less. Hasn't it occurred to you yet, my dear Stewart, that you're far and away the most interesting person in these parts at the moment? Consider, for example, how closely you've been chaperoned since you arrived. First, by that long-jawed old beagle, McBain. Next by your humble servant. I, in turn, must deliver you to Miss Canby, the moment I confirm your wire from Edmonton. And she, no doubt, will contrive to lead you directly to the presence of the caliph himself. Meanwhile, if you're permitted to see this gorilla what's-his-name—McSweeney—McDuff——"

"McGinn?"

"McGinn it is. Even then, in the short trip between the hotel and the jail, I've no doubt you'll be furnished with a guide. Of course, Miss Canby's presence here may be the purest coincidence. Ought I to know?"

Court looked hard at him. "How much do you know, Ravenhill?"

"More than is good for me, I suspect, careless as my reputation is in matters of health. More than McBain, let us say. About on a par with Miss Canby. Slightly less than Sir Thorncliffe."

"More than I do?" Court's grin was shamefaced. "That wouldn't be much. I'm beginning to suspect."

"A properly humble spirit," Ravenhill approved, ironically. "Becoming, no end. As a matter of fact, Stewart, the clever minds of this vicinity—and some of them are really clever, y'know—are all in a sweat over certain vital information that you possess. That you and McGinn possess, I should say, perhaps?"

It was a question within a question, Court saw. It was also the most revealing thing that had been said or asked thus far—a final hint of the formidable mass of information that had been compiled in advance of his arrival.

And he saw, now, that his very hesitancy had provided a sufficient answer to the polished, mercurial, super-intelligent renegade at his side. Ravenhill said, his bleak voice tinged with something that might have verged on kindliness: "'S all right, old topper. As long as you and McGinn can guard your information, you've got the jolly old whip hand." He yawned again, his spiked moustache bristling. "The wind's a bit brisk, what? Excellent flying weather, though."

Had it not been for Ravenhill's warning—and he thanked his stars for whatever loquacious impulse had prompted it—Court knew that he could not have passed off the encounter with Dolly Canby so easily. Old wounds still rankled; off guard, he might have revealed how deep and unhealed were the scars left from their last encounter.

As it was, he was able to adopt a careless and casual front, a good-natured politeness verging—so he hoped—on downright indifference.

"Well, Court!" She emerged from a laughing group just inside and to the right of the crowded lobby; a graceful figure even in the engulfing folds of a ski costume. Court had often wondered why women wore such outfits. "Don't faint or anything. Just guess who."

"Hi, Dolly. How are you?" He made an elaborate business of drawing off his heavy glove before grasping her extended hand. "This is a pleasure. Ravenill told me you were here."

"I can see that—drat him." She wrinkled her nose at Ravenhill, who blinked apologetically. "There goes another big moment, flat on its foolish face. At least, you were surprised, weren't you? I don't mean thrilled—I couldn't expect too much."

"Flabbergasted, even. Weren't you heading for the Azores or somewhere, the last time I saw you?"

She nodded. "We're salvaging something out of the wreck—you remember seeing me the last time. Think hard now. Where was it? In what circumstances?"

He pondered this, frowning. "In Washington? Yes, at a dance. You're the gal who went out of her way to tell me, deliberately and gratuitously, that I was a bum, a tramp, a primitive lad who had no right even to breathe the same air in

(*please turn to page* 38)

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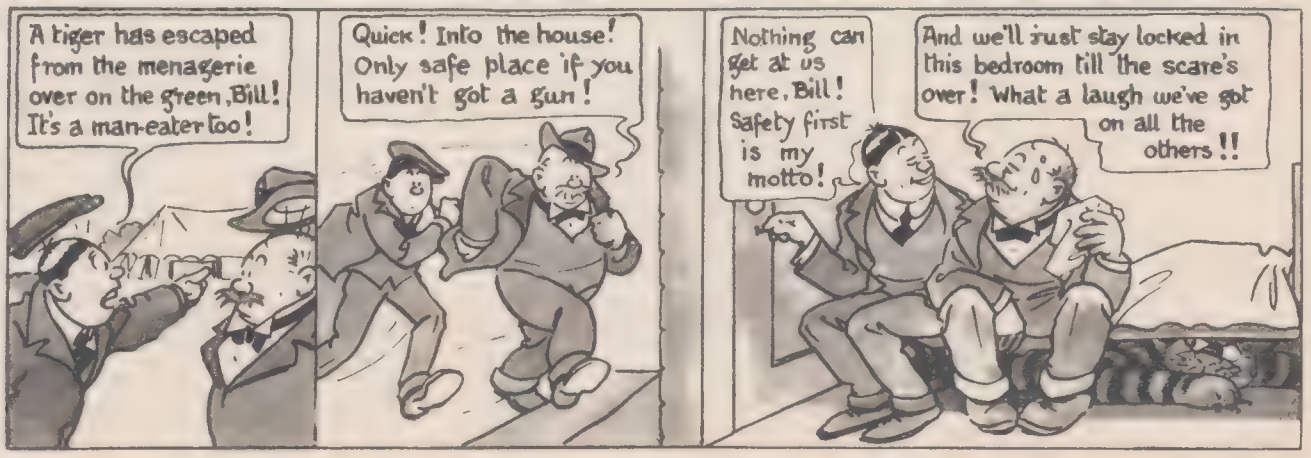

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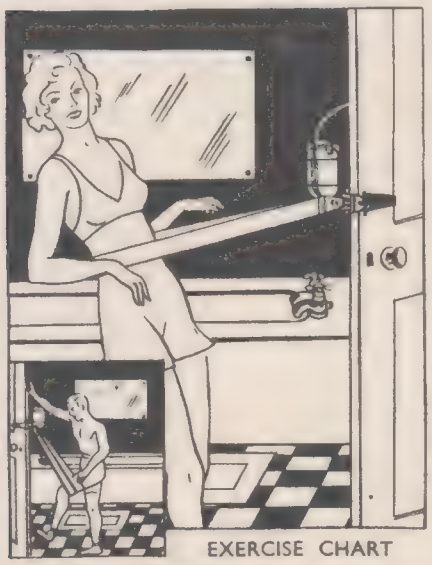

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which stuffed shirts move. Particularly the rarefied atmosphere surrounding the daughter of a railroad baron who was also the niece of Sir Thorncliffe Buckley. Something like that, wasn't it?"

"Don't be stuffy," she admonished. "Don't pretend you didn't hold your own in that wrist-slapping contest."

"I did not. I went away from there talking to myself. With tufts sprouting on my ears."

"Well, you picked on me, you big hulk. You called me names. Let's see if I can recall those fighting words. Yes." She held up four fingers and checked them off. "A moth, and a particularly inane kind of moth—one that didn't even have ambition enough to spin its own cocoon. A social parasite—useless, beautiful, and dumb. If intellect were clothes, I'd be a Lady Godiva, somewhat popeyed——"

"Don't improvise," Court admonished primly. "That Lady Godiva business——"

"You did so. I'm not improvising. But this was the worst of all. Quote: 'Line up three hundred women on a desert island——'"

"No, no. In a snowstorm."

"'——real women, dependable, of the kind a man could tie to in a pinch, and you'd be at the end of the line. Powdering your nose.' End of quote. So what d'ye mean——"

Ravenhill coughed discreetly, his understanding glance encompassing them both. "I'll see you at the desk, Stewart."

"Don't go, Riv," she said, hastily, her hand on his arm. "Stand by. We're not fighting. It's just our quaint little way of hinting at how really thrilled we are to see each other again. You know—reliving the beloved past. Eh, Court?"

"Sure. Give us a couple of splitting axes and we could show some real affection." Court glanced apologetically at his watch. "It's been swell to run across you again, Dolly. I'll be seeing you around."

"Doesn't it interest you at all to know that I'm here partly on your account? That cruise seemed kind of silly after that night. I felt useless, futile. So when Thorny—Sir Thorncliffe Buckley to you—invited me up here for a fortnight, I burned up the wires accepting. I knew you'd be back."

"And just how," said Court, looking hard at her, "did you know I'd be back?"

"Because that's your country, up yonder." She inclined her head towards the north. "Your father's buried there. You both love it and hate it. I wanted to prove to you—perhaps to myself—that I fitted in somewhere. In some corner."

"And you're demonstrating it by defying the elements in Buckley's cabin," Court nodded. "Steam-heated, isn't it, in all of its twenty-odd rooms? A primitive hovel. Did you ever stop to think what would happen to you if you were separated from it by one hundred yards of deep snow?"

"Court!"

"Oh, well," he said. "I'll take the curse off that, Dolly. I'm also here partly on account of what you said to me that night. Funny how little things change lives and destinies, eh?"

She laughed. "That's better—though I'm not so little. What did I say that changed your destiny?" Her pretended eagerness was tinged with doubt.

"I mean this." Court still spoke banteringly, but with an undercurrent of feeling as real as her own. "You've lived all your life, hip deep——"

"Really!"

"——in shekels. You gave me to understand that night that one of the essentials I lacked—the most important of a dozen or more, I gathered—was the fact that I didn't have it in barrels. So when this business developed, I went for it. It's no secret now I think"—he glanced keenly at Ravenhill—"that the Swiftwater strike has been located again. It's a jackpot worth nobody knows how much. So I said to myself, 'Aha, m'lady, if it takes millions to gain face in your regal, if not altogether unselfish, point of view——'"

"That's the way it goes," she interposed sadly. "Say some little thing in the heat of anger, when you're mad enough to bite nails, and right away it's a death-only-can-square-it insult. I didn't mean——"

"'S all right," said Court. "I didn't mean all I said either. Maybe you could make it through a hundred yards of deep snow."

"Listen, Court." In a swift change of mood, she laid a laughing mask aside; she was simple, direct, unaffected. "Let's let bygones be bygones. What d'ye say?"

"Jake with me." He meant it; he had never seen her in a more attractive role. "So what?"

"Come on up to the shack. Thorny said I could invite you. In fact, I think he's looking forward to meeting you."

"You think so?"

"Sorry. I know he wants to talk to you. Yes, I know all about it, Court. You'll have to see him sooner or later."

He shook his head; he could feel himself congealing inside. She had sounded sincere. "Sorry, Dolly. Thanks. I don't think I can. Business, you know. For instance, there's been a wire waiting for me here ever since I hit town." He gestured towards the desk. "I've been fighting my way towards it, inch by inch."

"I don't want to stand in your way, of course. But you've got to come after your immediate business is finished. I promised Thorny. You can't let me down. Look, Court. It's only four-thirty. I'll be around until six. Maybe you'll find, by that time—" She broke off, glancing at Ravenhill. "At least, meet me here. Won't you?"

"Okay. I'll be seeing you at least"

The desk clerk, remembering Court from the previous summer was professionally effusive. Yes, there was a wire waiting.

Court opened the telegram. It was from Arctic Airways, at Edmonton. The contents did not surprise him; it was the wording that added fuel to inner fires. REGRET EXCEEDINGLY THAT EXERCISE OF A PREVIOUS OPTION PREVENTS DELIVERY TO YOU OF CABIN PLANE CA-17 PER OUR TENTATIVE AGREEMENT THOROUGH CHECKING OF TERRITORY REVEALS NO OTHER SUITABLE SHIP AVAILABLE FOR CHARTER IN REGARD CA-17 SUGGEST YOU SEE SIR THORNCLIFFE BUCKLEY OR HIS AGENT J H L RAVENHILL

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The last line was illuminating. Court folded the telegram and looked at Ravenhill accusingly. That the Englishman was also on the other side of the fence was, singularly enough, a body blow. Against his better judgment, he had warmed to the man.

"You posed as an Arctic Airways pilot, Ravenhill. On their pay roll. D'ye call that cricket?"

"There are no rules to this game," returned Ravenhill, with a touch of impatience. "You're several degrees of latitude removed from fair play, ethics and all that rot, y'know." He indicated a door beyond the desk, labelled CLUB ROOM—FOR GUESTS ONLY. "Before you register, shall we discuss the wire? Over a spot of Scotch?"

They seated themselves in a secluded corner. When the attendant had deposited his tray and departed, Ravenhill mixed the drinks.

"*Dieu et mon droit*," he murmured, raising his brimming glass. "May the best man win."

"Down the hatch," returned Court gloomily. "Ravenhill, let's make this short and sweet. I want to see McGinn—maybe that's all the business left for me to do. You're Buckley's man, so there

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isn't much to discuss. I'm curious, though. Where's the ship?"

"At Skyline Lake. At the Buckley moorage."

"On skis, I suppose," said Court, "ready to take off at an hour's notice."

"Less than that," said Ravenhill. "Look, old chap. The time's come for you and me to call spades spades. I don't ask you to trust me. I don't want you to. I'm a free lance. Ravenhill knows no other god than Ravenhill. Is that clear?"

Court nodded. "Proceed from there."

"Good. Tell me this, please: How valuable—vital—is the information that you and McGinn are presumed to possess?"

"You mean, in regard to the strike?"

"And a related fact: The death, ten years ago at Atlin, of James Gordon Courtenay Stewart Maxwell Stewart—known hereabouts by the scarcely less honoured title of Swiftwater Stewart."

Court spoke slowly: "Concerning my father's death, neither McGinn nor I know more than the official record. We have a hunch, of course. But hunches are a dime a dozen."

"Nevertheless it's true that clearing up the mystery of your father's death, and bringing the cut-throat to time who was responsible for it, is the reason—as important to you as the strike itself—that brought you here?"

"I'll go further than that, Ravenhill. I've spent ten years preparing for it. Getting my technical training. Laying up hours in the air. Saving a little capital. I'm betting it all, such as it is."

Ravenhill nodded. "Do you care to state the nature of your hunch?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Quite. But you'll admit this much, I hope: There's a possibility that your father, when he staked the discovery claim he never lived to record, may have left some information—on the ground—that would point to the man who later double-crossed and killed him?"

"I admit nothing." Court hid the impact of this direct bull's-eye. "But what makes you think so?"

Ravenhill poured another drink smiling. "Naturally, I've delved into this business during the past two days, after I discovered the size of the pot. All's grist to the mill, y'know. Who knows but what there might be a little business here for industrious old Ravenhill? About the strike, old chap. You and McGinn both know where it is?"

"Of course."

"Then why waste your time with McGinn? Why consider him at all?"

"That touches on something you're not equipped to grasp," said Court, bluntly. "A little detail of loyalty. I'm counting Skinner in, all the way."

"A noble sentiment. But suppose Buckley—I mean, suppose the magistrate decides to keep McGinn in jail?"

"Okay. I'll get his proxy and record him as joint discoverer."

"Suppose you can't even see him?"

"Ridiculous. Childish. Buckley may control the magistrate's court; his influence can't go any higher. With an attorney, armed with a writ of habeas corpus——"

Ravenhill nodded. "You're a good poker player, Stewart, damme if you aren't! I admire you, sir. Yes, even your loyalty to McGinn—remote as that sort of thing may be from my comprehension."

"Thank you." Court gripped the arms of his chair, preparing to rise. "Anything else, Ravenhill?"

"I would suggest, after you've talked to McGinn, that you accept Miss Canby's invitation. I mean, to join her house party at Skyline Lake."

"Why should I?"

"Well"—Ravenhill spread his hands in a Continental gesture—"they have a good chef, y'know. And a well-stocked cellar. Also, at the Buckley moorage—tuned up, equipped with the supplies you specified, and with oil and motor warm—there's a one cabin ship. She's pointing into the wind—which happens to be blowing from the north to-night."

Momentarily, as Court looked into Ravenhill's eyes, a facetious mask shifted a little; a person of force was beyond; grim, amused, sardonic.

"What d'ye mean, Ravenhill? It's Buckley's ship."

"Not quite right—between ourselves. Buckley thinks it is. I happen to have title to it."

Ravenhill drew a sheaf of papers from an inner pocket; he slid two across to Court. One attested the transfer of the ship—Court compared the serial numbers with the data in his own notebook—from Artic Airways to J. H. L. Ravenhill. The second was the ship's C.A. inspection certificate and licence, also issued to Ravenhill. A detail caught Court's eyes: Not one inspected 'chute, but two, were included in the certified equipment. "One for Ravenhill, eh?"

"Naturally. One must butter one's bread, what?"

"That's out. When I fly, it'll be alone."

"Wrong," said Ravenhill. "You'll fly with me, or not at all. Accept that as definite. I know whereof I speak."

"And if I were fool enough to take a chance—you being willing to double-cross me as quickly as Buckley—what's your price?"

"When dealing with a gentleman of such integrity and all-round sporting instincts—as witness your interest in that bewhiskered savage, McGinn—it's safe to leave such matters to your generosity. I'm sure you wouldn't be niggardly."

Court looked down at him, outwardly stolid, but with an inner turmoil of impatience, resentment and longing. His resentment was not directed towards Ravenhill so much as towards the towering figure whose puppet Ravenhill obviously was. Did either actually believe that he was so blind as to walk into such a palpable trap? Yet the picture of the plane persisted: Fuelled, tuned up, its blunt powerful nose pointed towards the north.

"I'll keep it in mind. Thanks."

Court emerged into the lobby and almost into the arms of a trooper stationed there. He was a broad-featured, stolid man; he drew himself up and clicked his heels. "Trooper Cameron. Lieutenant McBain sent me over, sir. You wanted to visit the jail?"

"Yes," said Court. "Just a moment, though." He paused at the desk and instructed the clerk to keep an eye on his luggage. He'd be back later, though he might not register. There was a chance that he would be pulling out to-night. "Okay, Cameron. Lead off."

A jail attendant led the way down a warmly heated, but sombre basement corridor and halted Court in a long narrow room, apparently a visitors'-room, where prisoners were forced to talk to callers under observation and with a six-foot, steel-barred corridor between.

"Wait. Can't I see McGinn alone? In his cell?" Court asked.

"Sorry, sir. This is the usual place unless you're his attorney."

"I'm not his attorney, but I'm certainly entitled to talk to him in private. 'Phone Lieutenant McBain, please. Better still, let me talk to him." The jailer nodded. "Wait here, sir. I'll phone."

He came back presently. "Lieutenant McBain says it's all right—you can see him in the counsellors' room. One moment, sir."

He passed through the grille and on down the corridor. From the distance, re-echoing down the gloomy hall, came the sound of argument, bellowing and profane. It struck pleasingly on Court's ear; after the stilted, precise and double-edged phrases that had assailed him thus far, the booming voice of Skinner McGinn was sheerest music.

"More talk, is it? I'll talk to nobody. I wouldn't talk to my own grandmother. . . . A gentleman, eh? Just tell the gentleman, with my compliments— ." This portion was lurid. Then, following a murmur from the jailer: "Stewart? Why didn't you say so, ye dim wit? Fetch him in then. . . . Oh, the counsellors' room. Fawncy that!" This in diminuendo. Skinner's feet were on the ground again. He sighed gustily. "Okay, Bottlenose. Let's go."

Court was in better mood when the jailer came for him; even this remote contact with Skinner was like a tonic. There was nothing hidden or obscure about Skinner; he was like the forces of Nature itself—blunt, unadorned, measurable. It came to Court suddenly that the intricate and disheartening dilemma in which he was enmeshed was so only on the surface. Like Skinner, the basic facts were there, unchanged. The enemy

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that's why it's wise to give 'one Bob Martin's once a day'

Always in the best of spirits, always a cheerful companion, a *plus* dog is never 'under the weather'. His daily Bob Martin's keeps him fit in spite of restricted exercise on rainy days, and the richer, greasier foods that winter brings him.

By purifying his blood, these famous powders protect him from the common winter blood disorders such as listlessness, scratching and loss of appetite. And because his blood is pure, a *plus* dog grows a thick warm coat which is proof against winter's worst wind and rain.

Begin to-day to give your dog his 'one Bob Martin's once a day'. Make him a *plus* dog and he'll show you what a happy, lovable fellow he can be when he's *fit*.

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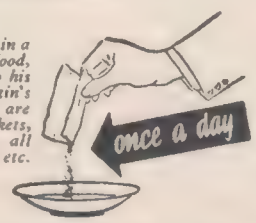
If your dog is scratching, listless or suffering from any of the other common blood disorders, such as loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes, he will need special treatment. Follow the directions given in the Bob Martin packet and soon he'll enjoy glorious *plus* dog health.

Sprinkle the powder in a little milk, or on his food, or drop it dry on to his tongue. Bob Martin's Condition Powders are quite tasteless. In packets, 6d. & 1/-, from all chemists, dog shops, etc.



BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

for better health, better coat, better spirits

had revealed his strength, which was an advantage; they—he and Skinner—had as yet revealed nothing, conceded nothing.

The counsellors'-room was designed for privacy, a fact that added further to Court's mounting satisfaction. A steel-sheathed door opened upon a small anteroom; beyond was another door, equally heavy, equally sound-resisting. This second door was open; through it Court saw Skinner seated on a steel bench flanking the opposite wall.

Skinner did not leap up the instant Court came into view; he disdained to show emotion in an enemy's presence. "Hi, Court! Come on in—as soon as you've booted out that misfit beside you." He glowered. "Get going, funny face. And no listening at keyholes, mind you. Remember, gentlemen are conversin'."

The jailer added fires to their feud by disregarding him utterly. "I'll close the outer door, sir," he told Court. "It can't be opened from the inside, but when the interview's over, kindly press that button there. It sounds out at my station. I'll come immediately."

The jailer withdrew; the dull clanging of the closing door re-echoed hollowly. Court listened for the sound of departing footsteps, but heard none. "Yeah, it's soundproof, all right," said Skinner. "Close the anteroom door and we're safe as a church. How are ye, lad?"

They gripped hands in silence, beaming; then both lowered to the bench.

Skinner embarked immediately upon a profane account of the events leading up to his arrest. Time had hung heavy on his hands while waiting for Court; he had met old cronies, thirstier and more "stakey" than himself. One thing had led to another, as usual; yet he, Skinner, would have kept himself well in hand except for the appearance of certain cut-throats—henchmen of Buckley's, of course; a foul plot—who had first drunk his liquor and then invited annihilation by casting aspersions on the memory of Swiftwater Stewart. This had been too much. The ensuing shambles had spread ruin and desolation along the highways and byways of Atherton; he, Skinner, had laid out his opponents like carp, he had wakened up, nevertheless, in the bull pen.

"And they've been pestering me," Skinner concluded. "Once they had me locked up and backed into a corner with no help in sight, they lit on me like a swarm of ticks. But I told 'em where to head in. Gimme a light."

"Who pestered you?" said Court, sympathetically, fumbling for a match.

"Buckley, of course. And McBain. And that remittance man, Ravenhill. Yeah, even Miss Dorothy. D'you know what Buckley offered me, if I'd tell him where the strike was? A hundred thousand, cold cash. And a joint discoverer's claim."

Court grinned. "Did you tell him?"

"I told 'im nothing. Nor any of them. They thought I was plenty tough. Not a blasted one of them suspected that I couldn't tell 'em."

"That's it," said Court. "That's the thing that none of them dreamed of—that it takes what you and I know, added together——"

"Yeah, I was only the cook, last summer," Skinner interposed. "I didn't know where we were going, nor care. Flying befuddled me. When I found that dust, I figured it was a pocket. It was only afterwards that it come to me what I'd stumbled on. Then it was too late. I didn't know where I'd been. But you was the pilot. You could find each spot where we landed all summer, eh?"

"Sure," Court nodded, "all forty-seven of them. As soon as you tell me which camp——"

"Wait," said Skinner. "Like I said in that letter—— Where is that letter? You got it on you?" Court nodded. "Fetch it out then."

Court complied, watching him. He took out the cheap ruled paper and unfolded it on his knee.

"Read it once," said Skinner. "No, I mean to yourself."

Court did so, though he knew it by heart. The note read:

Dere Court: I'm plumb ashamed of myself. I found me a pocket last summer and didn't tell you. Them scientific dudes was paying me wages and I was afraid they'd make me split it. Now I know it was this Stewart strike I found on acct. one of Buckley's sleuths been trailing me wanting to know where I found the pocket. You know Buckley, he was Sharky Buckley then on acct. he was a slick poker player, was with your dad and me at Atlin when your dad passed out, so Buckley knows Stewart gold when he sees it. Do you get the picture? So if you figger you can find the camps again that we made last summer, which I shore can't, you'd best come running.

SKINNER.

"You got 'er read?" said Skinner. "Let me see it then."

Court passed it over and waited. Skinner struck his match.

"You know, Court, this is a plumb dangerous document. Nobody but you and me has ever read it. So nobody ever will, I figger we'd best copper our bets."

He held the match to the corner of the note. The flame licked up to Skinner's thick fingers. He had lighted his cigarette and now he leaned farther down, holding the burnt match.

"That's that," he said. "Now we're in the clear. All we know is locked up in our heads." With the burnt match he marked on the floor, refusing to look at Court, who leaned beside him, shoulder to shoulder. "And I been figuring, son. if I was to tell you what you've got to know—which is to describe the camp where I found the dust—who's guaranteeing that Buckley, Ravenhill and the rest of them wolves won't outhold you in the showdown?"

"Nobody," said Court, grimly.

"It's a big pot," said Skinner, with truculent bluntness. He snapped the match away and took up the one Court had discarded. "A spade's a spade. Assuming you stake the claim in spite of Buckley—a hundred-to-one shot to start with—who's guaranteeing to me——"

"Nobody. It's just a question of trust."

"Trust?" Skinner snorted. "I've trusted lads before, and what did I have at the pay-off? Just my hands in my pockets. No, this is final. I'm telling nothing. I'm talking to nobody. I'll rot here first."

He tossed the second match away and dusted his hands; he did not meet Court's gaze, but remained slumped, staring at the floor. Court opened his mouth to speak. He bit the words off as Skinner's huge brogan, shifting with a clumsy movement, pressed crushingly on his toes.

Without moving his head, Court, too, looked down. With a revulsion of feeling that carried no outward hint, but which shook him to the depths, he saw whither this strange interlude had been pointing from the first. He glimpsed more than that—a new perspective of the enemy's resources, the weapons at his disposal; the reason, mysterious heretofore, why this interview with Skinner had been achieved with such apparent ease.

Most touching of all was the knowledge, never fully doubted, that a good man was still at his side like a dependable rock in swirling currents; one who could trust and be trusted implicitly.

With the burnt matches Skinner had written on the floor—and with an equally careless sweep of his broad foot had now erased them again—the eloquent words: "Play 'em close to your belt. The walls have ears."

NEXT WEEK:
Court Meets Trouble

DEATHLESS ONE

Continued from page 11

and his servant approached the entrance to the cathedral of Notre Dame, where a crowd of Parisians were resting upon the seats beneath its shade during the heat of a summer afternoon. Here stood a great symbol of the Crucifixion, and near it he paused to gaze closely at the pain-wracked features of the Saviour. The curiosity of the Parisians was aroused and they drew nearer so that his comments were heard distinctly by many people.

"A wonderful likeness," Saint-Germain observed. "This is just as we saw Him on the hill outside the city that day."

"Your lordship forgets I have been in his service for only five hundred years," the attendant said, humbly.

The citizens of Paris drew back in alarm, shocked by this outrageous statement which was duly reported to the Cardinal's secretary. A cry of "heresy!" went up on all sides and the Church at once found a strong supporter in the Duc de Choiseul. King Louis was helpless in face of the Church's demand, the one great institution always his master when it claimed a victim.

Saint-Germain was forced to leave Paris that same night, in the summer of 1775, and he fled to Schleswig Holstein, where he sought refuge with an old friend—the Landgrave Charles of Hesse.

All agreed in Paris that they had seen the last of the amazing Comte de Saint-Germain—and all were afterwards proved to be wrong. The last incidents ever to be recorded about this man are indeed the strangest of all.

Until the year 1785, the French police were satisfied that Saint-Germain still lived in Schleswig-Holstein, and in that year they received a report of his death. The event was duly recorded in State Papers. Four years later, however, a police spy reported the arrival of a suspicious person in Paris, and the description was so familiar to the French secret service that they at once investigated the matter.

"A middle-aged man, well dressed, rich, speaks French with a Jewish accent."

"The Comte de Saint-Germain!"

"No. He calls himself Major Frazer. An Englishman. His papers prove it."

Men grown old in the service of the French police were called upon to identify the mysterious "Major Frazer," and all agreed he was none other than Saint-Germain—the same man they had known thirty years ago. His appearance was still—except that his clothes conformed to the change of fashion—the same as when he entertained the Marquise de Pompadour in the height of her power and popularity at Versailles. But the Pompadour had been dead 25 years!

It was impossible! The police dared not bring a charge against "Major Frazer" for fear of bringing ridicule upon themselves. In French State Papers it is recorded:—

"Major Frazer is decidedly not English, though he speaks the language. Yet he is the same man we knew as the Comte de Saint-Germain—the clothes of black silk, the Jewish accent—and none know the source of his income."

Inquiries were made about the report of Saint-Germain's death from Schleswig-Holstein, and it was learned that Charles of Hesse had presumed the death and come into possession of all Saint-Germain's papers and correspondence. The Landgrave flatly refused to say a word about his late friend, although he admitted he had confidential information on the subject.

Just what Charles of Hesse knew about the most mysterious man in Europe was never discovered. When Charles' son Frederic became Landgrave he did not find a single paper relating to Saint-Germain.

It was decided that "Major Frazer" must leave France at once, and this time he sought sanctuary in travelling across Europe. His movements were duly reported to the French police from time to time, and the last heard of him was from a small, Alpine village. A man answering to the same old description was seen to leave the village alone, walking in the direction of the St. Gothard Pass. Soon after his departure a heavy snowstorm began in which it was thought the lonely traveller had met a tragic end.

A month after this information reached Paris, a letter came into the hands of the French police, a letter written by the abbot of a lonely monastery high up on the St. Gothard Pass:—

"We have had a heavy storm. The snow is thick upon us, and out of it came a stranger to our gates. I knew him at once, from the description written down by Matthew Paris as he received it from the Armenian archbishop. We gave him food, although we feared him.

"None other than the Wandering Jew has passed this way. . . ."

NEXT WEEK:
The Devil's Fiddler

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"The 'Open Sesame' That Smooths Away All Difficulties."

ONE of the greatest tributes scientific mind-training has ever received has been paid to Pelmanism by Dame Sybil Thorndike, the world-famous actress.

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"I say 'we' because not only I, but other members of my family have derived benefit from the scientific mind-training which is so ably and simply set forth by you. When mentally fatigued after strenuous rehearsing, a few of your mind exercises quickly bring concentration back to normal, and I find no difficulty in remembering the most difficult parts.

Develops Dormant Qualities

"All through the ages," she continues, "we have been taught to train the body. We have been told that if our muscles were left in disuse they would gradually cease to function. And so it is with the mind. Indeed, even more quickly does this delicate part of our mechanism become atrophied. Pelmanism gives mind-exercise scientifically, and because the principles are scientifically based, it not only improves, but actually discovers, qualities that would otherwise have remained dormant.

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"Pelmanism, I am convinced, is the 'Open Sesame' that smooths away all difficulties, giving a mental clarity and quality of alertness that sees opportunities and uses them rightly.

"One of its chief charms is its simplicity, and with minds rich in perception, life becomes altogether more satisfying."

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Dame Sybil Thorndike

who makes a striking appeal to readers to-day to take up Pelmanism. It is the "Open Sesame," she says, "that smooths away all difficulties." A book describing the method of mind-training recommended by this great actress will be sent free to-day to every reader who uses the coupon printed below.

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Dame Ethel Smyth	**Dr. F. W. Norwood**
Lady Neish	**Mr. Gilbert Frankau**
Mr. Compton Mackenzie	**Miss Lillah McCarthy**
Mr. E. F. Benson	**Sir Max Pemberton**
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Indecision	Shyness
Forgetfulness	Pessimism
Mind-Wandering	Procrastination
Morbid Thoughts	Depression
Self-Consciousness	Lack of Confidence
Timidity	Weakness of Will

and many others could be mentioned. There is no need for these failings to haunt your life. There is no need for you to be a failure in a world full of opportunities. Pelmanism will rid your mind of these obsessions and failings and give you a new outlook on the "glorious possibilities of life."

Develops Valuable Faculties

But Pelmanism does more than eliminate failings. It awakens dormant faculties. It develops powers you never thought you possessed. It strengthens mental attributes which are valuable in every career and every aspect of living. It develops—

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—Will-Power	**—Resourcefulness**
—Judgment	**—Courage**
—Concentration	**—Tactfulness**
—Moral Courage	**—Presence of Mind**
—Observation	**—Punctuality**
—Business Acumen	**—Personal Magnetism**
—Salesmanship	**—Decision**
—Self-Confidence	**—Forcefulness**

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SHIPS' CARGO OF SHIPS

The old tramp steamer, slipping down the river on the evening tide, may seem a very unromantic craft, but she's probably carrying another vessel as big as herself, engines and all, below the hatches

BY DENNIS MORLEY

IMAGINE yourself on a dockside quay at one of our large ports. A foreign-going tramp is moored alongside. Cargo is pouring into her hatches in an endless stream. There goes a pair of long, steel plates, each marked, in white paint, with a seemingly muddled row of letters and figures. Now comes a heavily-bolted case, with another row of hieroglyphics. You guess that it contains machinery, but you would not connect it with the plates. Yet all are parts of a ship which is being loaded in pieces.

Weeks later, at some little port thousands of miles away, those parts will go over the tramp's side once more. Sweating natives will drag them to a small fitting-out basin. Plate by plate and bolt by bolt a trim river steamer will arise amid the bamboos and props built to support her. Then, at last, to the screams and cheers of a wildly excited crowd, she will take the water with a mighty splash. Another ship has come out by ship.

There is scarcely an inland waterway in the world that cannot boast of vessels which came out from some British port as part of another ship's cargo. You will find these craft fighting the tides on the Hooghli, at Calcutta. There are scores of them at work on the swirling waters of the Yangtse-Kiang, running for thousands of miles into the heart of China. They have penetrated into every nook and cranny of the Seven Seas.

Year by year, the overseas' demand for British river craft increases, and many of the vessels sent out are quite large. A few of them are assembled before being put aboard, but the difficulties that may arise are such that shipowners fight shy of these loads.

They have to be lashed down on an open deck. If the ship carrying them meets heavy weather, there is always the risk that the deck cargo will be swept over the side, carrying bulwarks, rails, and deck fittings with it. And even if the outward trip can be made in fine weather, there is always the problem of lifting the cargo at its destination. Big cranes are to be found in every British port, but they are almost unknown in the places to which river craft is consigned. All these drawbacks are avoided by sending the ship in pieces; so the majority of crafts go out in sections.

They are complete down to the last rivet. Engines, masts, funnels, deck gear, lifeboats, all go out together, and with them sets of plans and assembly instructions. Every individual item is marked and indexed, and its place shown on the plan. The instructions are so detailed, yet simple, that any handy man could put the craft together.

Stowing the parts is a worrying job for officers and stevedores. Let one small case be lost, or stowed away out of sight in a wrong part of the hold, and the assembly of the vessel can be held up for months while the missing item is replaced or found.

And in that far away riverside shipyard an overseer will soon be stretching the plans out in his little hut, noticing that the keel plates are marked KP/1, KP/2, KP/3, and so on. These are then sorted out, and laid down on the small slipway.

Now come the side plates. These bear the marks A1/S, A2/S, and will form the row next to the keel plate on the starboard side. Those for the port side will be marked A1/P, A2/P, while the row above will carry the mark B1/S or B1/P as the case may be. Plate by plate the ship begins to take shape, and as each part is riveted securely into position the overseer crosses it off his plan. He does this not only to keep abreast of the job, but also because frequent stock-taking of the remaining items is essential.

This perspiring unfortunate has to rely on native labour, and the "boys" who assist him may either be incredibly stupid, or, as is more often the case, diabolically mischievous. They simply cannot keep their hands off the bright objects. If the overseer does not watch them half his little vessel will disappear.

"Boys" often turn up to work with a bundle of engine fittings hanging proudly round their necks, while others will have helped themselves to handfuls of ball bearings, which they use to adorn their persons.

Engines are usually sent out in assembled units, but joining these up and inserting the necessary additional fixtures can be a nightmare job to a man who has no skilled labour to assist him.

The variety of vessels sent out in pieces is amazingly wide. Steam tugs, steam and petrol-driven river boats, barges, launches, all are included. There are thousands of barges, identical to those in use on the Thames and other large rivers, now at work all over the world. They started the voyage out as bundles of steel plates.

Yet despite all difficulties, complaints are rare. So clear are the plans and so lucid the instructions that even if assembly does take longer than anticipated, the craft usually slips into the water within a few months after arrival.

Ships are not by any means the only complicated items to be sent abroad. Machinery figures largely in Britain's annual list of exports, and every ship that sails from our ports carries her quota of engineering products. These can range from huge electrical transformers for some overseas power station, or 100-ton locomotives for foreign railways, down to cases of spare parts for aero engines.

The variety of a ship's cargo is well illustrated by the load carried, on a voyage to the Far East, in a ship in which I served. In No. 2 hatch we had a complete railway installation for Christmas Island, that tiny speck of coral lying in the Indian Ocean.

We had the locomotive, coal-tender, 12 miles of rails, scores of points, miles of signal wires, signals themselves, a complete miniature station, buffers for sidings, and every other conceivable item needed to make the system efficient. This was discharged at Singapore for transhipment by a coastal vessel.

We left Singapore, and went farther East. At Kobe we discharged the contents of another hatch, consisting of the complete apparatus for a cable station to be erected on a Japanese island in the Pacific.

The greater part of the famous bridge across Sydney Harbour came out from England in sections, each beam and support being marked with a row of letters and figures a foot long, and complete down to the last rivet hole. The list could be extended indefinitely. Complicated refrigerating plants, complete generating stations, high-speed newspaper presses, or even the entire electric signalling apparatus for a railway system are sent overseas with the same confidence and assurance that is shown by the makers of sectional ships.

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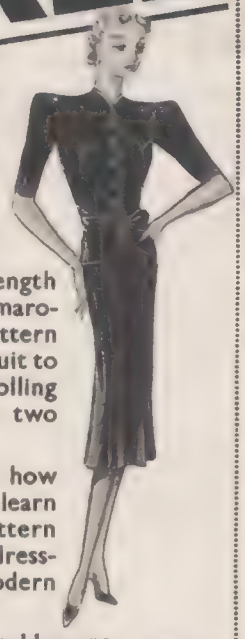

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Continued from page 25

him judicially. "Meow," she said, finally.

"And don't think there's anything to be done about it, either! Our only cue is to shut up, see? Don't ask me why—you wouldn't understand. But if you so much as say 'Meow' to her, I'll break your little neck!"

When he finally slept it was only to dream of millions of Arguses advancing on him, pushed by millions of beautiful Claires, all of them smiling at him with their golden-flecked eyes.

Calamity for once seemed to show some signs of understanding. At breakfast the next morning she arched her back and drew away when Claire tried to take her in her lap.

"Having her picture in the papers must have turned her head," Claire laughed.

Mr. Spencer passed the morning paper across to Bob. "You might clip this and add it to the collection." Bob saw a photograph of himself in white flannels, a borrowed yachting cap on his head, at the rail of the Spencer's boat.

Claire leaned over. "Let me see." She stared at it in silence, then smiled faintly. "They're making quite a fuss over our young man," she said, at last.

Mr. Spencer laughed, winking at Bob. "Our publicity department is on the job, all right. We've got to get our money's worth out of the contest, too."

Bob felt suddenly drenched with bitterness. What a sap he'd been. That's what it was, all right—just business. All the nice things they'd done for him were just a clever way of selling more Arguses in the future. He didn't matter. He didn't belong. He was just some dummy they dressed up in borrowed clothes for their publicity department to use. Even Claire—she had to be nice to him for her father's business, that's all.

His voice was gruff. "Thanks, I don't think I want this one." He could feel Claire looking at him and Mr. Spencer's slight surprise. Suddenly he ripped the picture out and uncapped his fountain pen.

"My mother might like it, though." His smile was wry. "Especially if you wrote something on it, Mr. Spencer."

The president's acquiescence was hearty. "Congratulations to the mother of a fine boy," he wrote.

Claire said, when her father had left: "Tell me about your mother."

"She's sweet. Well, I guess all mothers are." He glanced at the portrait of Mrs. Spencer at one end of the room. "Mine is very poor. She runs a little knitting shop in Baxterville. Had to bring up six of us after my father died in an accident."

"Automobile?"

"No. Coal mines."

Claire studied the sudden tense lines of bitterness about his mouth. "I'm sorry, Bob."

He wanted to tell her that she couldn't sympathise when she had no knowledge of poverty . . . he wanted to tell her that he was miserably in love with her and that even her sympathy was sweet boon to him. Instead he said curtly: "Thanks." Claire's smile faded.

Suddenly, surrounded by the exquisite china, the shining silver of this breakfast table, he had a vision of his mother with her tired stooping shoulders, bent over some piece of mending.

Claire took the clipping. "May I write something, too?"

She traced the words swiftly, in a gallant, careless hand, and gave it back to him. He read: "Just to tell you that we all like Bob a great deal. Claire."

His heart jumped treacherously, but he held his voice in careful leash. "She won't know who Claire is."

She hesitated a moment, then finished the name: Spencer-Satterlee. Bob frowned.

"What's the Satterlee for?"

Her face was suddenly flushed. She shrugged. "Oh—it's a family name. I use it because—it looks better, don't you think?"

He gave a funny, bitter little bow. "I apologise for not knowing my Emily Post better, Miss Spencer-Satterlee."

She leaned towards him suddenly, gravely. "Please, Bob! Has something happened . . . have we done something? You're so bitter all of a sudden." She looked around her, gestured at the luxury of the room. "If it's this you—resent—remember I—it's not my fault."

"You misunderstand. How could I resent as charming a memory as this will be?"

She smiled at him, her eyes shining strangely. "Some day you will make me cry," she said, and went quickly from the room.

Bob stood looking after her, baffled, with a funny wild music in his heart.

Officially, the luncheon was the high spot of the visit. But Bob—even though he was the honoured guest of the Chamber of Commerce, and all the great of Hickon City were there—dawdled miserably over the eternal business luncheon fare of chicken, peas, and a dab of ice-cream at the end. The reason this time was not Claire, who sat at his right looking beautiful and distant, nor the fact that for him the splendour had begun to wear off, like thin-plated silver, but simply that the moment was nearing when he'd have to make a speech.

It wasn't that he hadn't had plenty of warning. It was just that the phrases he'd so carefully jotted down and memorised seemed of a sudden empty, pretentious, hollow. Why should they care how he'd dreamed of Hickon City, what it meant to him? He was just a salesman, that's all, a cog that they boosted to help boost business.

Mr. Thomas Thomas had murmured a lot of eloquent nothings and sat down to applause. Mr. Christopher Watson went on in a monotonous crackle about the honour which had fallen on "our young friend, Bob Terland." Then the chairman rose and Bob's heart sank.

". . . and now I know it is the wish of everyone to hear from Mr. Bob Terland, crack salesman of this great company. It will be a boon for all we old business men to learn what the new generation has to offer of methods and means in the game of selling the public. Mr. Terland!"

For one breathless moment, while applause roared around him, Bob sat in a hopeless whirl of panic. Then suddenly he felt the quick warm pressure of Claire's hand, urgent, encouraging. She was smiling at him happily, proudly. Miraculously the panic left and he was on his feet facing the rows of upturned faces.

"Mr. Chairman . . . Mr. Spencer. There's really not much to say. Most of all I am happy for this opportunity to thank you all for the splendid reception and the happy visit you are giving me. And I'd be only too glad to let you in on any new and wonderful tricks in salesmanship. But to tell you the truth, I only know one: you have to be convinced that your merchandise is the best thing under the sun—and then just go ahead and tell them. I am convinced there is nothing finer and better than our Argus. A home without it lacks something essential. To me our Argus stands for everything which has made this country the best in the world—cleanliness, sanitation, comfort, home. The Argus helps to keep our children healthy and, all too often, is the only friend our hard-working housewives possess. My only trick in selling this wonderful invention is that I believe in our slogan: 'No Home without an Argus.' I thank you."

The applause was thunderous. Somebody cheered, Mr. Spencer beamed and slapped him on the back. He took his water glass with a hand that was trembling a little and gulped it all down. He looked sidelong at Claire. She was still clapping and laughing at him.

"That's what I call coals to Newcastle in a big way," she whispered, ". . . giving your sales talk to the people who make the Argus!"

Bob suddenly went cold. "Wasn't it all right?"

She shook her head, still laughing. "Sad . . . sad! So young, and a Rotary man already!" The golden flecks in her eyes danced with amusement.

"What's wrong with being a Rotary member?" he snapped. He felt suddenly sick and empty. He wished he were back eating a hamburger at Joe's . . . or anywhere, as long as it was half a continent away from Hickon City.

Mr. Watson had claimed the floor, cut short the applause. The chairman was looking slightly surprised.

"Gentlemen!" Mr. Watson began in his dry crackle. "I want to say right now that Mr. Terland's speech has so deeply impressed me that I hereby place an order for an Argus for my home. You can—er—take in, for its trade-in value, the—er—Miracle cleaner which I have, up until now, believed to be—er—slightly superior to our product. Mr. Thomas, will you see that delivery is made to-day."

Laughter, shouts, applause, cat-calls, as Mr. Watson sat down. Mr. Spencer didn't know whether to laugh or explode. "Why, the old! . . ." he murmured. Somebody gave a cheer for Bob Terland.

Then Mr. Spencer was on his feet. "No moment could be more fitting than this to present to Mr. Terland the diploma and prize which is the token of our esteem for his qualities of ambition—and believe me I know what a grim business it is to sell these door to door products!—and his superb powers of persuasion which you have just witnessed so tangibly . . ." he gave Mr. Watson a humorously reproachful look. "The presentation will be made by Miss . . ." he hesitated, looked down at Claire for a moment, "by this charming young lady, whom you all know. . . ."

Then Claire was standing, taking the paper her father handed her. Bob rose. And she said in a voice not too steady:

"Mr. Terland, I congratulate you in the name of the Argus Vacuum Cleaner Company, and wish you more and more success . . . and happiness . . . in the future."

And for a moment, while the room shook with applause, Bob forgot his promise to himself and looked deep into the shining eyes of the president's daughter.

He knew he should avoid Claire. It would be easier that way. But you can't very well avoid your hostess, can you?

(*please turn to page* 46)

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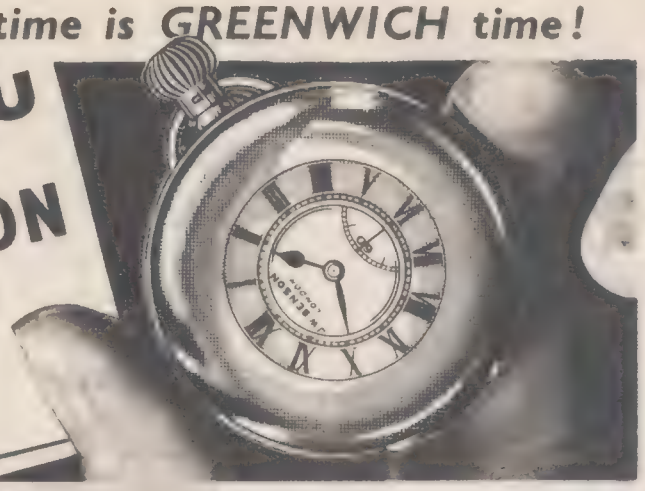

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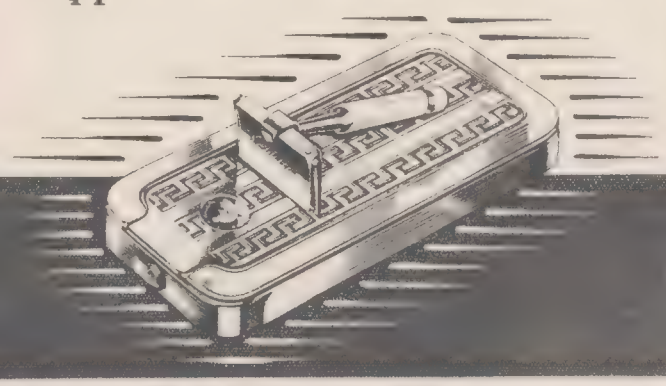

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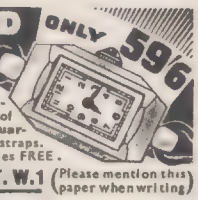
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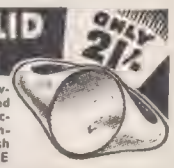
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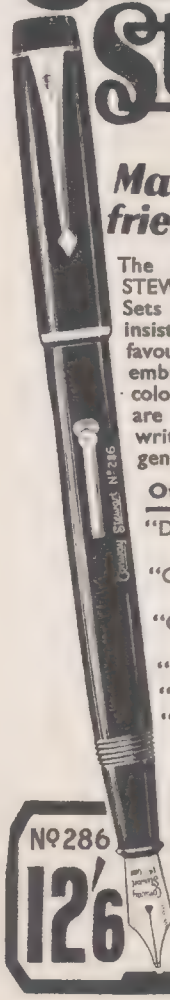
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Especially when she is the most beautiful person at the Midsummer Ball, and the orchestra is playing languorous music and she is smiling across the room at you? Bob walked across to her, resplendent in his new tuxedo. Thank heavens he had taken some tango lessons before he came; somebody had told him once the smart crowd danced nothing else.

He bowed slightly, the way Bill Powell does in the movies. "Do you tango?"

Claire looked slightly surprised. "Why, no. Do you?"

Bob relaxed in a grin. "Me neither. Let's dance."

She was in a Claire mood to-night, all in powder blue with orchids Bob had given her, pinned to her belt. What if they had cost more than he earned in a week? He'd remember this in the barren months to come—Mr. Spencer's daughter wearing his flowers.

Claire slipped her arm through his.

"Would you mind if we sat it out on the terrace? I'd like to see if those rumours of a large, full moon are true."

They were only slightly exaggerated. The gardens were drenched in shadows and unreality. Claire was like the beginning of things and the end and all the loveliness in between. It was very wonderful and sad.

She whirled and faced him squarely. "Now, Bob darling, you're going to tell me what the matter is."

"Nothing." He frowned, suddenly goaded. "And don't call me darling!"

"Good heavens, why not?" She laughed a little softly. "Most people seem to—rather like it."

He couldn't keep the edge from his voice. "That's just it. You call Mr. Watson "darling,' and Mr. Thomas, and your hairdresser, not to mention Calamity and the other cats. I'd rather be—uh—less anonymous!"

Her eyes were mocking and sweet. "Very well, Mr. Terland. So that's what's been troubling you! I'm sorry."

"Look here, nothing's troubling me!" He looked away. "It's just that it's Saturday, if you must know."

"Profoundly true, O Star of Rotary! But I doubt if even Hamlet could make such a tragedy of it."

Her soft laughter flecked him in every sharp new wound. Of a sudden the words came snapping out. "All right, laugh. But Hamlet never sold vacuum cleaners. He never worked for months and years for just one thing—'a week of splendour' invented by the Argus publicity department. That'll probably give you another laugh—that any guy could be sap enough to grub and hope, day in day out, for just one week of what he thought was happiness. But I did. And now it's Saturday and Tuesday it will be all over—and even now it's just so much nothingness. Because I've got to go back. Back to the life I came from. Back where I belong. Only now that's worse than nothingness because you've given me a taste of all the things I can't have. Hamlet! What'd he have to worry about?—'to be or not to be'—My eye!" He turned on her fiercely. "It would have been a lot less cruel if you'd sent me your silly diploma through the mails!"

Claire's voice was low, deeply troubled. "I'm sorry, Bob. I—we really wanted your week to be a happy one. We tried."

"Sure. I guess the cook says the same thing about the condemned man's last breakfast. Neither of you think what's going to happen to him afterwards."

"Perhaps you could be transferred. Everyone—my father likes you."

He laughed derisively. "So that's all you understand of what I'm trying to say! And your father likes me! Well, he ought to—I've put up a swell front. All expenses paid and a hundred dollar prize, huh? I've shot that and all my savings just trying to live up to you and your father and all the other élites who can't see me for dust. But that isn't the real, everyday Bob Terland. Listen." He pulled her towards the lighted windows, stood full in the shine of one of them. He saw that her eyes were unhappy; for a moment he thought they were ashamed.

"Look at me! I have false front teeth and I live in a six-dollar-a-week apartment where the bed comes out of the wall. Ever see them? They're supposed to change the sheets once a week, but sometimes they forget. They're poor people themselves. You know what that means—poor people? Of course you don't. You eat dinner by candlelight. Well, we eat it at drug store counters, where everyone stuffs his unsuccessful face in silence. When you ring doorbells you're ushered in with a smile. When we ring doorbells it's an impertinence, in the hope of earning a few cents. To buy more drug store dinners with. You wear a fancy French perfume, don't you? I wear one, too. Dare me to tell you what it is?"

She put her fingers gently over his bitter lips, in sudden goaded protest. "Oh, Bob, please . . . ! If you only knew. . . ."

"Let me finish! There's the smell of poverty all around me. That's my fancy perfume. I've washed dishes and cut onions in a hamburger stand. I was watchman in a cheese factory . . . pumped gasoline on the night shift, working my way through business college. And it clings—I'll never get rid of it . . . the smell of hard work. There's no footing between you and me, Judith Claire Spencer—there is nothing . . . nothing." He broke off, savagely. "I don't know why I bother to tell you all this. You can't understand. Ever."

She was very erect, looking straight into his eyes. "Perhaps I can. More than you think."

Suddenly the high defiance was gone from him. He loosed his fierce grip on her wrist; even in the half darkness he could see the red mark spring up on her white arm. "I'm sorry. I hadn't any right. . . . Forget it, Claire."

She seemed to have caught some of his vanished tension; it shone in her eyes and the sudden white sharpness of her face. "No! How much salary do you get?"

He was derisive again. But his laughter was only a single dry note. "Not enough to pay your hairdresser. Ten bucks a week and four dollars fifty for each sale. Wonderful, isn't it?"

"It won't always be that way."

"Oh, no! If I keep on selling for a century or two, I might get to be branch manager at twenty-five a week. That's what I call *real* splendour."

She was a cliff, firm, taut; immobile against the pounding surf of his bitterness. "My father began as a salesman."

"And to-day he's president! Sure, I know the story. And you're the daughter of the president. You didn't need to remind me, Miss Spencer." He stepped back, gave his ridiculous stiff bow. "Shall we dance?"

She took a small step towards him. "Oh, Bob, . . . if I could only tell you. . . ." She caught her breath, stopped, then said slowly. "I've been wondering—would you speak to me differently if I were just anybody . . . not Mr. Spencer's daughter?"

He looked at her for a long moment. Then, without his ever knowing quite how, she was in his arms with her hair against his face and his lips on hers.

She broke away from him after a little with a quick, breathless laugh. "Let's dance, Mr. Terland. It's our night."

The butler coughed discreetly. "Is your luggage ready, sir?"

"Yes, Paul. You can put it in the car."

Paul picked up the bags. "And Miss Claire asked me to tell you, sir, that she is sorry to be unable to accompany you to the station, Mr. Spencer is taking you to the train."

"Thanks." He stood for a moment, frowning, then called the butler back. "Wait a minute. I want you to deliver something for me."

He put Calamity in her basket with a funny fond pat. Then he sat at the desk and wrote a note, while Paul waited with the expression which so befits correct butlers.

He began it "Dear Claire," then took a fresh sheet and started anew:

"Dear Miss Spencer,

"Permit me to thank you for the splendid hospitality you have given me. I won't soon forget this week in your father's house and your kind patience with me. I am sorry I could not spend much time with you these last two days, but I realised that my place and duty were in the factory. I think I collected some valuable information about the manufacture of Argus cleaners which will enable me to double my efforts, if not my success, in selling. And who knows—if I work hard enough or am not in the nut house by then—in five or ten years I might win another of these wonderful contests and get a free trip to Hickon City.

"May I, as a token of my gratitude, give Calamity to you? I thought you liked her. Again many thanks, dear Miss Spencer.

"Sincerely yours,
"Bob Terland."

He slipped the envelope into the basket with the kitten. He dug into his pocket, hesitated a moment, then gave basket, handsome tip and instructions to the waiting Paul. The butler accepted all three with a dignity that would have become a Knight of the Garter.

The station was an empty echo. Gone were the vice-presidents, the glory of brass band, hope, anticipation. In the dull vacuum of departure, Mr. Spencer slapped his back, pumped his hand and called out genial, kindly lies.

"You're going to the top, boy. See you soon."

The Hickon City skyline was dim in the distance when he turned from the window and mechanically opened his paper. He was numb as a sprinter after a run. The tension of not telling Claire, not seeing Claire, had emptied him of everything that had been Bob Terland, a week and a century ago.

Pushing the paper aside, his own grinning face caught his eye. He shrugged; the publicity department at work again. Then he saw that *she* was in the picture with him, beautiful, smiling. He snatched the sheet up eagerly. It was taken at the ball; his orchids lived fresh again at her waist, there was gay friendliness in her smile and pride in the way he stood.

"Mr. Robert Terland, guest of honour at the Midsummer Ball held annually at the Hickon City Country Club, and Miss Claire Satterlee, one of the hostesses for the event."

Claire *Satterlee*. Bob frowned. There was a permanent confusion about her names. She had too many of them—she had too much of everything. New bitterness welled up in him and he tossed the paper aside.

"Meow!" came plaintively from the rack above his head.

Bob stared in amazement, leaped to his feet. There, nestled among his luggage, was the basket with Calamity's head poking halfway out.

"Calamity! What are you doing here?" Bob was shouting, much to the delight of the other passengers.

"Meow!" Calamity replied, indignantly.

"All right; all right." Quickly he pulled the basket down and freed her. She rubbed against his sleeve and purred, then set about washing her face matter-of-factly.

Nestled in the basket was a note—not his note. In spite of himself, his hands were trembling as he opened it.

At the first words his heart took a sickening leap skyward.

"Darling," it read. "Dear stupid darling,

"If you have no use for me, I have no use for your cat. It's too expensive to keep, anyway, for me. I think ten dollars a week and commission is an awful lot of money. I myself make twenty-five, but then I can't sell vacuum cleaners. Together, of course, we *might* be able to support Calamity, even if she has been too friendly with our Persian tom-about-town cat (which I suspect very strongly.)

"Forgive me. I'm not as good at lying as I thought—or at impersonating either. I had promised I wouldn't give their little hoax away, ever. Dear, kindly Uncle Spencer didn't want to spoil your fun by telling you that his daughter, Judith, had gone to Canada. But it did spoil it, I am afraid—and so I am trying to make it good.

"Please forgive the poor relation and secretary to Judith Spencer.

"Your
"Claire Satterlee."

The other passengers stared in astonishment to see a radiant young man stride down the aisle and reach up to pull the emergency brakes cord. They saw him hesitate, reading the sign which warns of a three-hundred-dollar fine for unnecessary use, then dig in his pocket and pull out a lone five-dollar bill and some pennies.

Calamity had followed him up the aisle, daintily. He reached down and swooped her up, laughing.

"Never mind! We'll get off at the next station, eh, Calamity?"

"Meow," said the kitten, complacently.

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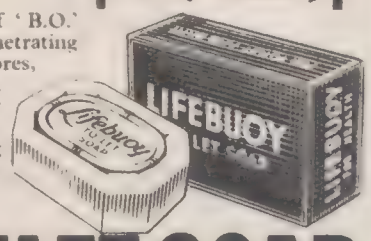

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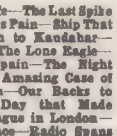

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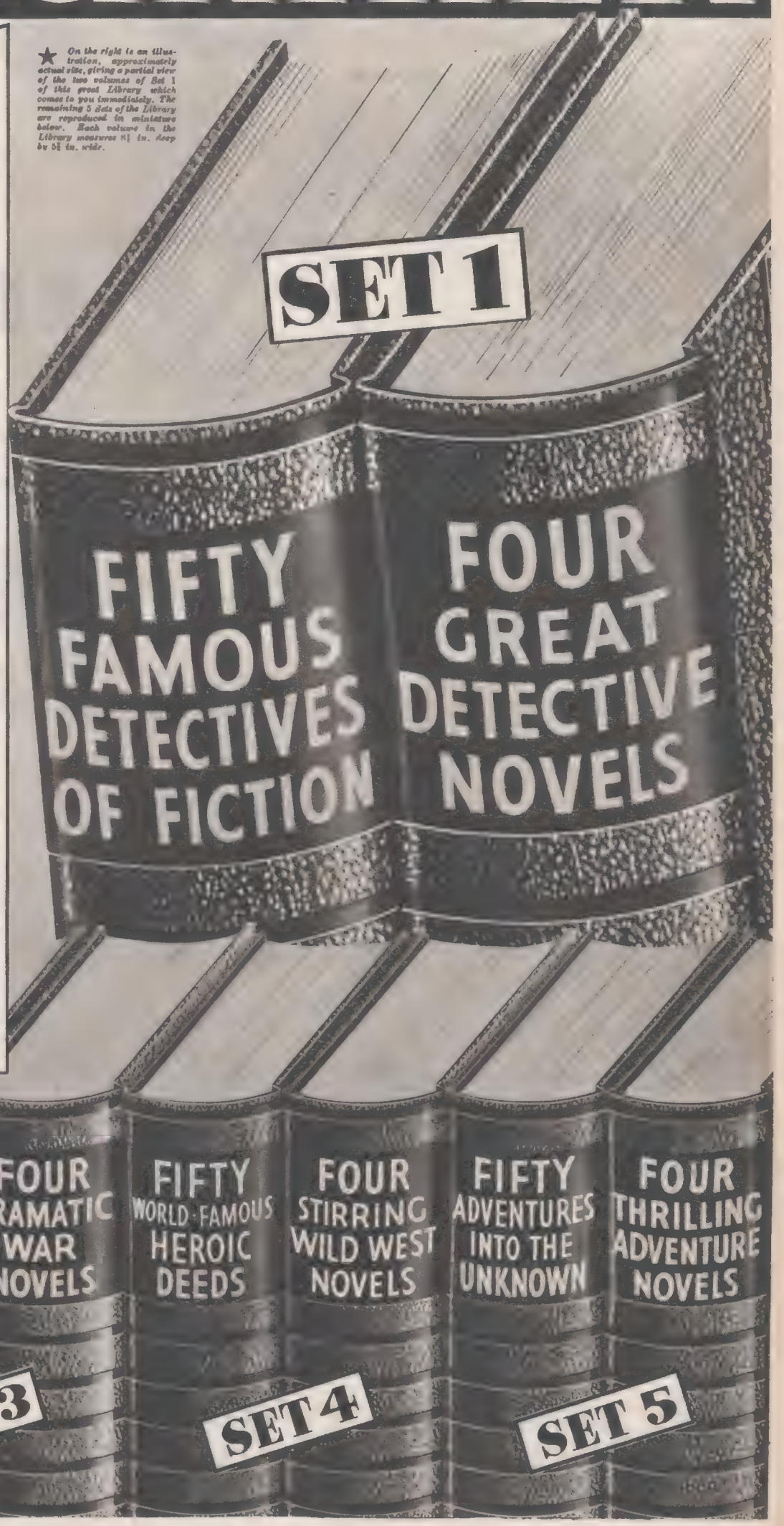

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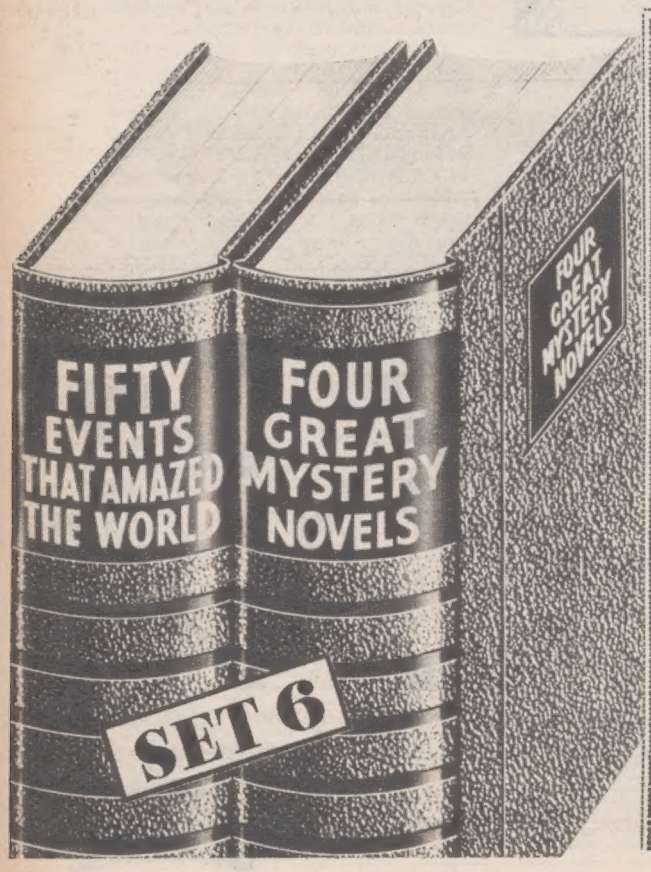

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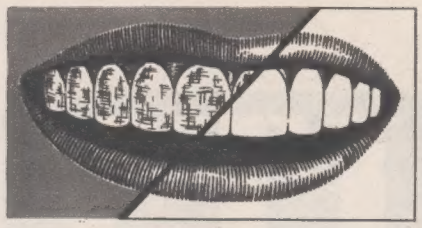

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We won't discuss those things we might have done had we been a little less cautious about gypsies in the wood, etc., but, as we broke the ice a few weeks ago by mentioning those future features already embryonically visible in the editorial laboratory, we can't help telling you that A. R. Lindt, explorer extraordinary, is back from a trip to the Persian Gulf with a bagful of good stuff.

If you show us a map of the world maybe we can show you about where we expect the Persian Gulf to be, but Mr. Lindt looks at things seriously.

Realising that since the development of airways the Persian Gulf has become the Suez Canal of the air, he decided that we—and that means you, too—should get to know a little more of this coast-line.

We can't say we were very disturbed by his news that there seem to be a whole lot of intricate political moves being made around the Persian Gulf, for we never can remember any time or any place that was not in the grip of some sinister political strategy guaranteed to make things a trifle tropical. But we were delighted by his stories of what he found during his wanderings. Aeroplanes to Bagdad, junks, Arab dhows and rafts in the Persian Gulf, and camels and horses in the desert of Oman, can mean only one thing when A. R. Lindt gets back to a typewriter. And when a man's like that we can't feel interested in politics. Sorry!

We asked A. R. Lindt to get down to it, and in the early summer we hope to start his articles on the odd human stories he picked up on his travels among pearl fishers and swamp dwellers and Eastern mystery men.

Did we ever tell you, by the way, that Mrs. Lindt, who has written pieces for us occasionally, is the daughter of Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, original "Stalky" of the famous Kipling story.

As this is really the next week column we can't finish up without saying that the next issue will include stories by "Sinbad," Francis Foster, Joseph Boothroyd, Nat Savage and Stephen Phillips.

YOU'RE TELLING US!

YOU'RE TELLING US! Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed on this page. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss

OMINOUS rumblings among the dynasties of the world make us wonder whether the sinister, goose-stepping brass-hats, whose horrid secrets are now being hushed from frontier to frontier, have ever noticed clouds ragged and dark against a thin moon, or watched the sun dealing strangely with snow-covered hills.

Their faces seem to be starched with disapproval even when they see the delicate loveliness of early snowdrops bowing their heads to the wind, or valleys where shadows gather early and turn incredible blues and purples, or logs clothed in ragged flame. For they never even stop to listen to the message of dark bells calling across the estuary.

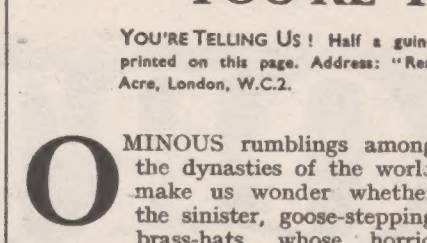
It is no wonder therefore that quiet little men, their eyes lighted by a flame of fear and their shoulders permanently bent to meet the whip-lash of hatred, should write to us so frequently, their bitter pens telling of things that never should be seen in Christian lands.

This is no place for their confessions, for which we must have no more memory than a mirror. But their anecdotes, often breaking through the gloom of their stories like the new moon hatching a million stars, linger always. It was from Mr. J. W. D., of High Holborn, London, W.C.1, a refugee whose name must remain hidden behind his initials, that we first heard how the Swiss Government asked the German Government whether it could have a naval attaché at its Berlin legation.

"Certainly not," replied Berlin. "Why, you haven't even got a navy."

"Quite true," replied the Swiss Minister, "but then, you have a Finance Minister!"

And it was from R. S., of Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, whose name is also secret for obvious reasons, that we heard of the high dignitary who, while driving at speed along one of the great steel-straight, race-track-like roads with which he has pierced the heart of his country,



killed a dog, the poor, insignificant companion of one of his farmers.

He was truly sorry.

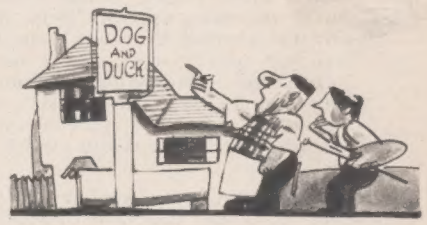
"You'd better go to the farmer over there and tell him what has happened," he said to his orderly-chauffeur. With a clicking of heels and raising of arms, the orderly disappeared, only to return half an hour later, laden with chicken and butter and all manner of delicacies that are relegated to the limbo of half-forgotten things in that land of spartans.

"Good lord!" said the mighty one. "Whatever have you been doing?"

"Well, sir," said the orderly, rather shame-faced at not being able to raise his arm in salute while embracing so much food, "I went to the door of the farm, raised my arm in salute to your worthiness, saying, 'Heil, Hitler! The dog is dead.' And the farmer fell on me with joy, giving me all this 'ere."

Probably it's safer in the days when even the meek are stuffed horribly with epithets of war to refer to the story submitted by Capt. F. E. Byrne, of Arundel, Sussex, whose sister was visiting an old Irish peasant in hospital.

"And are you going to vote for the new constitution, Mrs. O'Brien?"



"Begor, ma'm, and why shouldn't I? An' me near dead with the roomathics."

"Rheumatics? What's that got to do with the new constitution?"

"Sure'n, lady, me dear. And hasn't De Valera promised every wan of us a new constitution, an' faith there's divil another woman in the whole of Connemara that needs wan more than me."

In a world full of the dull shrieking of hoarse, dictatorial cheap-jacks, it is pleasant to hear the still small voice of humour, the boast foregone, the political absurdity renounced and the fact of brotherhood understood. For, despite man's inhumanity, we are still beguiled by the utter splendour of spring days from the first yellow hint of dawn, burdened with blossoms, to the white star blazing in the sunset's embers. And we are drawn, therefore, to Mr. H. Greswell, of Crosshills, near Keighley, who turns to an inn for his story.

He apologises in a way for mentioning an inn, saying that so many ghost stories, murder stories, love stories, farces, and comedies have been written by nearly every man of letters from the time of Chaucer, that he knows how reckless it is to try to add to the collection.

"The sign over the door of the 'Dog and Duck' was being re-painted," says Mr. Greswell. "When the local sign painter had almost finished his task, the landlord went out to see how the sign was looking. He surveyed the man's work with a critical eye for some time, and then: 'Why, you haven't left sufficient room between "Dog" and "and," and "and" and "duck," he said." And now you tell one!

For Your Amusement

CLUES ACROSS

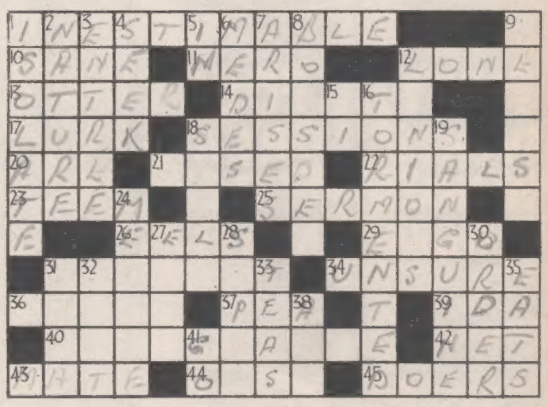
1. Beyond calculation.
10. Mentally sound.
11. Lived in ancient Rome.
12. Singularly alone.
13. Not likely to be with the potter at his wheel (hidden)
14. Enlarge.
17. Lie in wait.
18. May be Parliamentary or only Quarter.
20. Only part of fare.
21. Disturbed. Perhaps overthrown.
22. Liars in coinage.
23. Meet is so prolific.
25. Uplifting address, or should be.
26. May be fried or jellied.
29. Otherwise therefore.
31. Bright colour.
34. By no means certain.
36. Originally in pods.
37. And so was this.
39. Aid for a lady.
40. Loyalty.
42. This is not gross.
43. Associate or confederate.
44. Kentish building.
45. They obviously perform.

CLUES DOWN

1. Detach completely.
2. Established order of things.
3. Not main dish.
4. Search or solicit.
5. Take this preposition from 19 down.
6. Biblical associates of Persians.
7. Comes into view or becomes an issue.
8. Support or head-rest.
9. Read in high falutin style.
12. Elders by comparison.
15. Three-toed sloth.
16. Tortured.
18. A short period.
19. Very ardent or hopeful.
24. Ungenerously.
27. A language.
28. Cuttlefish ink.
30. Arrangement or command.
31. Possibly finishing touch.
32. Visit or perhaps a summons.
33. Seat for refreshments.
35. Give 33 a shuffle for this.
38. Pattern of industry.
41. To get hence.

CAPITAL OUTWARD
ERRORS TAPIOCA
LEANEST TAPERS
ENCASE MSS ICE
SAT SNARE ADAM
TIL TREATS LE
I COASTAL LAR
AMEND PENANG
LISSOM SUET IE
NERA TUSKS C
STATEROOMS BET

Solution to last week's puzzle



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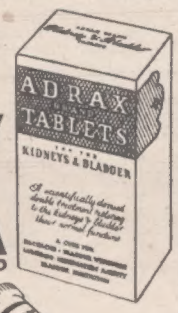

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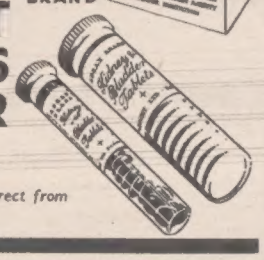

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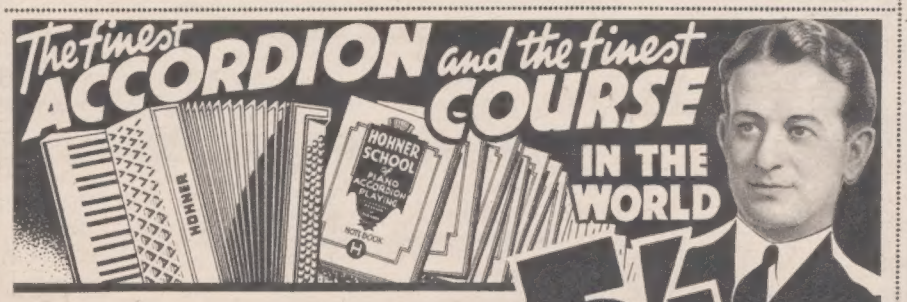

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